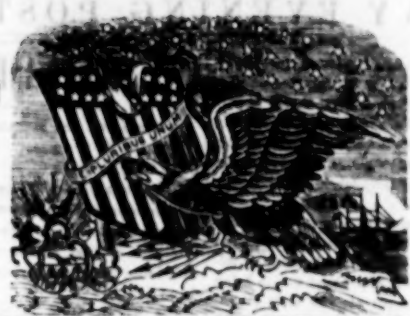


THE SATURDAY

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EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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EDMUND DEACON, } EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
HENRY PETERSON, }

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

A YEAR AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How glad was I one year ago,
Among the reddening clover,
And daisies like star-dotted snow,
To wander with my lover.

We used to follow down the stream,
To gather pale young lilies,
Rare bright blue-bells, flushed eglantine,
And golden daffodils.

The while he spoke me pleasant words,
Right tenderly and loving,
And said the vows he made me then,
His whole life should be proving.

No I, like any other maid,
To love-life first awaking,
Happy and trusting, gave my heart,
For him to keep from breaking.

Now, all the witnesses I had
Of those sweet vows he'd spoken,
Lilies and daisies, all are dead—
He gave my heart back broken.

I almost dread this year to see
The fields of reddening clover,
For well I know I cannot hope
To live last summer over.

REGINA.

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "REBELLE," "DARLEY," "MARY
OF BERGEN," "THE OLD DOMINION,"
AC., AC., AC.

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Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

In this strange life, where every sort of pleasure
has its nest from pain, and every joy is
contaminated—where love has its doubts and
fears for the present, and fruitless its apprehensions
for the future, and success too often its
regrets for the past—the sudden change from
eager activity to tranquil calm, seems in itself
so great a happiness that the spirit springs up
with a bound, and one is almost tempted to
throw away the peaceful blessing, and to com-
pensate—if such compensation were possible—the
pains, anxieties, and cares just gone, by
tasting the exuberant cup of joy.

The past day had been to Lucy Langdale and
her mother a time of danger and trouble and
hourly trepidation; and now that they sat quietly
in that old saloon, the contrast was strange
and almost overpowering. Everything added
to it also. When her first caprice or policy—
be it which it would—had passed away, their
hostess became really kind; and, when Bern-
ard March returned, he seemed to have washed
away from his mind all traces of thought
and care when he had wiped out the stains of
bitterness from his brow and hands. He was, per-
haps, more gay and thoughtless than Lucy had
ever seen him, and she herself felt that eagerness
to grasp the fleeting moment of tranquillity
which is too soon and too often felt in every
troublesome life.

"Ring that little bell at the door, Bernard,"
said the old lady; "they are making us wait
wonderfully long for our supper."

"Oh," answered the Cavalier, "the serving
folks have to sup so many unexpected guests
to-night, we must have patience."

But he rang the silver bell, notwithstanding;
and in a few minutes after, it was announced
that the meal was served in a neighboring
chamber. Thither, with some ceremony, the
body of the mansion led the way. Lady Lang-
dale and Lucy followed; but Bernard March
lingered for a few moments, somewhat perhaps
to Lucy's surprise. He was in the room, how-
ever, before any one was seated, and was not
less gay and cheerful than before. He seemed
to give himself up to that tranquillity and re-
pose of mind which had for many days been
interrupted by continual exertion or active
strife. Misfortunes, sorrows and anxieties,
cares and apprehensions, seemed forgotten; and
that softer and gentler character which Sir Ed-
ward Langdale had, at one time, mistaken for
effeminacy, re-appeared in the tranquil leisure
of that evening. He sang at the old lady's re-
quest, he examined the fine pictures with which
she had stored the dining-room since he was
last there; and he desecrated, if not with the
skill of an artist, at least with the knowledge
of a connoisseur, upon the merits of the vari-
ous styles and various pictures there dis-
played.

"Of all the painters of portraits that I know,"
said Lord Dartmoor, "that Sir Anthony Van-
dyke has, to my mind, the greatest power.—
When I was in Italy, I saw several by the most
renowned artists in the world—the admirable
Leonardo—the glorious Titian; and even by
him who has been called, not inaptly, the di-
vine; but when I looked at a picture such as
that"—and he pointed to one hung against the
opposite wall—"I feel there is a grace in it—a
life-like, almost living charm about it, that sets
the man before you as he moved, and spoke,

and acted. There is not, perhaps, the richness
of Titian's coloring; there is not the inspira-
tion of Raphael's design; there may not even
be the imaginative power of Leonardo; but
there is displayed that faculty which allies the
great painter to the epic poet, and enables him
to seize and make his own the very inner heart
of the character he represents."

He paused for a moment or two, and then
added, half gaily, half sadly, twisting his fin-
gers in the long, wavy hair of his promised
bride.

"Dear Lucy, it is one of my hopeful dreams
to think some day I shall have your portrait
painted by such a hand as that."

"God grant it, Bernard," said Lady Lang-
dale, though Lucy only answered by a faint
smile; "how often it would have been a com-
fort to me beyond words, to have had such a
picture of my dear husband—when he has been
leaving me for scenes of strife and danger—
when I knew not how soon, if ever, I should
see him again."

"What a power has a great painter!" con-
tinued Bernard. "It is not alone for the present
day he paints; but centuries hence men shall
gaze upon that face and figure, and trace there-
in the feelings and the thoughts that are now
working perhaps the weal or woe of thousands
of our fellow-men. Then comes in history, to
show what was the meaning of the lines upon
the countenance, what passions or what suffer-
ings impressed them there; and the pen shall
be the comment on the pencil."

While he spoke, his hand withdrew from
Lucy's hair, pressed gently upon hers, and
hers were clasped as tenderly on his, while the
old lady sat looking on with a smile that had
something of good-humored malice in it.

"What, bidding and cooing, my little dove?"
she said, at length. "You little think what a
hawk you have got for a mate."

"A falcon, but no hawk," answered Lucy,
mildly; "would I had his picture, too, dear
lady; there would be no bad lines there."

"He is a good looking youth enough," an-
swered the old woman, "he was so from a
boy, and sometimes he would look as gentle as
an angel; but you should see him when his
blood is up, and all the fierce fire of his race
comes out; how it flashes in his eye, how it
swells out his nostrils!"

"I have seen that noble fire this very day,"
answered Lucy, a little vexed; "but I know
you are only jesting."

"This very day!" cried the other, "this
very day! Have you had to fight for it, then,
Bernard?"

"Yes, madam," answered Lady Langdale,
"and nobly did he fight for his King, his country
and his bride. Attacked by three times his
own number, he has left few to tell the tale
of his victory and their defeat."

"Hush, hush!" cried Bernard March, with
a laugh; "dear Lady Langdale, you forget
we are speaking of her friends the Round-
heads. Make yourself easy, my kind old friend.
I do not believe there is a rebel left between
this and Banbury, that would not run at the
first sight of a love-lock; and, moreover, if
hereafter they should get the upper hand of us,
and make strict inquiry how you came to
shelter prelates and malignants, especially
that proclaimed traitor, Bernard, calling him-
self Earl of Dartmoor, you can but say it was
upon compulsion, and there is old Harlecastle,
who will swear to it."

"Pie, Bernard! you are a silly boy," an-
swered the old lady; "when you were young
last, you were grave enough, and I had hopes
of you. Natural you should be grave, for they
had got King Charles and—"

"Hush!" said Bernard March, solemnly,
"he is a saint in heaven; and the time will
come, I hope, and some here may live to see,
when this land shall mourn for what it did unto
the royal martyr."

"Well, God grant us peace!" said the old
lady. "At seventy years of age one gets
sweary of continual strife; and I have seen too
much of it; but we forget our guests. They
are doubtless tired, and will find a pillow
pleasant. But I must hear more of this battle,
or whatever it was. They will tell me as they
disrobe; for I will not trust them, Bernard."

Then with a bow of dismissal, and with
yet fancy I shall find one who will boast for
these. Come, dear, I will see you and your
mother to your chamber, and will promise to
love you very much, if you will engage not to
marry that young man. Oh, he is a terrible
malignant, men tell me, and you see how he
can treat his own near relations."

With these words she led the way from the
room into the neighboring hall where they had
first found her; but at the door she stopped
short; for she found two armed men pacing up
and down in the guise of sentinels.

"Why, who are those?" she exclaimed in a
tone of indignation and vexation, turning to-
wards Bernard, who followed.

"Only my sentries, dear lady," he answered,
"you forget that you are in contumacy to my
King, King Charles. This house is in my
possession in his name. I occupy this lower
floor, and my posts are placed wherever I
judge. It is a rule which has no exception."

"Well, sir, well," said the old lady, turning
away with a look of much indignation; but at
the door she stopped, saying, in a smoother
tone, "Harlecastle will show you to your room,
sir. I suppose I am not expected to be groom
of the chamber to gentlemen, my lord."

"I am always my own," replied Lord Dart-
moor with a bow, and calmly saw her depart.

When she was gone, Bernard paused for a
moment or two in thought. Then raising his
voice he said,

"Pierrot Lagrange, place yourself at that
door; Lancelotti at that. Wait for orders, and
obey them promptly." He then stepped till he
saw the two men at their posts, standing in the
middle of the hall, and gazing up at a large pic-
ture of a gentleman on horseback, with a lead-
ing staff in his hand. Then advancing he
pushed a chair under the picture, and ran his
fingers along the large frame. At one point he
saw the whole picture, frame and all, moved
back; and Bernard said, in a loud and clear
voice, but with perfect calmness, "come
down!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Come down, sir," repeated Lord Dartmoor,
in a tone firm enough; but not menacing.
"I know every recess of this house, and all its
secret places as well as you do, at least. Your
person is safe, if your hands have not been
dipped in the blood of the martyr. If they
have, other voices must judge you—not
mine."

"My hands have been dipped in no blood
but mine own," replied a deep voice, from
within the opening which the removal of the
picture exposed to view; and the next moment
there appeared, like a portrait in a frame, a tall,
somewhat stout man in a costume, very dif-
ferent, perhaps, from that which any one there
present expected to see. It was that of a monk,
with the dim garments floating round him, and
his hand resting on a rosary of black beads
hanging from his girdle. His face, as far as the
general features went, was quite calm, though
stern and grave, but his dark eye was wander-
ing and uncertain—not flashing or excited, but
with the small, contracted pupil and constant
movement which one often sees in some kinds
of insanity. Yet his manner was quite tran-
quil, as if every thought, gesture, and expres-
sion were under full command. He looked first
at Lord Dartmoor, and then at each of the
sentinels; then at Lord Dartmoor again, and
then at the two men; but there was nothing of
fear or trepidation in the glance he gave either.
It was merely an unquiet, restless motion of
the eye, which seemed habitual.

It was all very rapid, and at length he
spoke.

"What want you with me?" he said, in the
same deep, gloomy tones. "If you suppose I
am hiding here for my own security, you are
mistaken. I only condescended to enter this
place to shield a lady from persecutions. For
my own life I ask nothing. Who takes the
burden of all she shoulders puts it on his own.
I am weary of it, and would fain put it down; but
whoever you are, you will comprehend—at
least I judge so, from the words I have heard—
that you are neither serving the cause you ad-
vocate nor the religion you profess, in forcing
me to disclose myself thus prematurely."

His language and manner were good; though
there was a strong foreign accent upon his
tongue which seemed to show that he was not
a native of the British Isles; but upon the
Earl of Dartmoor his words seemed to produce
an embarrassing effect, for he was a moment
without reply. It must be remembered that,
in the struggles of what is called the "Great
Rebellion," the impudence of the King's
friends—or, at least, of those who wished him
well—proved more disastrous to his cause than
the strength and vigor of his enemies; that the
strong and determined adherence of his parti-
sans to the side of the Church of England
brought upon them the accusation of a leaning
towards the ancient faith of Rome; and that
those who were merely attached to the union
of Church and State—as the first, purest, and
most certain safeguard against submission to
any foreign jurisdiction over the church—were
charged with being desirous in reality of sub-
jecting the Anglican Episcopacy to a foreign in-
fluence.

To find, then, in the house of his near relation,
a monk belonging to a papistical order, was not
a little embarrassing to Lord Dartmoor, not from
any of the prejudices or fanaticisms which di-
vided the parties that then ruled England, but
from the political results which were likely to
ensue whichever party gained the temporary
ascendancy in the strife then immediately
going on. How to shape his own conduct, too,
was a question of no slight difficulty; for to
draw the least suspicion of favoring the al-
lotted religion upon the royal cause, was at
once to alienate one of the most powerful frag-
ments which had just been brought to reunite
themselves in support of the monarchy. To the
Presbyterians of the Scottish army, then in the
field for King Charles, the Roman Catholic faith
was even a greater abomination than to the in-
dependents of the Parliamentary army, who
were very willing to admit the services of any
one, be his religion what it would, who would
forward the predominance of the anarchical
objects they had in view. We all know what
it is to give occasion for a cry against a man,
or against a body, and this it is which has given
the great power to political names.

Nor was the Earl unaware of the danger of
any one of his house seeming even to lean to-
wards that church against which the cry of late
years had been so fierce and strong. The words
of the monk, too, were true for the most part.
He felt that certainly he had not served the
royal cause, in forcing him to discover himself,
and that it was not improbable that a man so
bold as to tread the soil of England in that
habit, would only submit to concealment for
the sake of those to whom he was much be-
holden.

All these and many other considerations
crossed his mind in that brief interval of
thought, but then he answered,

"Will you descend? you are quite safe; but
it is necessary I should speak a few words with
you."

"Safety?" said the monk, with a scoff.
"What care I for safety? If I wanted safety, why
did I come here? Nor do I see of what use are
words between us. You have done your worst,
young man, in discovering me to these two sol-
diers; and as he spoke, he came down with
a firm tread upon the table, and then upon the
floor."

"You are mistaken," replied Lord Dart-
moor, "these two men are faithful and subor-
dinate, and will, I know, obey my orders to the
letter."

"Ay," answered the other, "like all the
rest—obey man, and forget God! I was once
such myself—proud, vain, wilful, till the curse
of Cain fell upon me; and I raised my hand
against a brother's life. But glory be to Him
on high, who sent the remorse and the punish-
ment betimes, who let not the crime be fully
consummated, yet kept me in ignorance of his
great grace till that grace had worked the sub-
jugation of my heart! Why I saw him fall!"

He continued, grasping Lord Dartmoor's arm,
while his eyes rolled almost maniacally, "I
saw his blood flow like water on the ground. I
passed through years of penance and remorse
—long, long years; and then by the mercy of
the Holy Virgin, I learned that the crime had
not been complete; and I learned still more—
much more; that the sin I had committed was
nothing to the hardness of heart, and vain
glory, and deceit and worldly lusts which had
produced that sin; that far from returning to
the same frame of mind, and seeking the same
objects, and pursuing the same paths, I must
mourn and do penance for the corruption that
was in me, and receive the crime I was per-
mitted to attempt, as a warning from on high,
and the blessed tidings that it had failed as an
exhortation from the Queen of Heaven to
dedicate every earthly thought to her. But
what signifies my talking so to you? You can-
not understand us."

"Not fully," replied Lord Dartmoor, "but I
may comprehend, in part. I have lived long
among persons of your religious persuasion,
and can perceive that you thought you had
committed a great crime, and have done ample
penance for it. Let it then be forgotten. The
crime, it seems, was not really committed, and
your long repentance must have blotted out
the offence."

"No, no!" cried the monk, "you mis-
take, young man—you mistake the principles
and force of my faith—the true faith, the an-
cient faith, the faith of saints and martyrs,
and apostles. I mistook once, and I thought
that by doing penance for the act, I could
atone for its motives; but not so, young man,
not so. I have learned to do penance for the
feelings and the desires and the pride that
instigated it. You have heard of Cain. Even
your heresy tells you of his crime and its con-
sequences; but think—only think—of what
must have been his feelings, when he saw be-
fore him his brother lie dead upon the grass,
the first sight of death which had darkened
the sunshiny universe. Was it the knowledge
alone that he was a murderer, that that awful
act was his? Oh, no! There was much more.
I before his eye, rose at that moment, the
prophetic foresight of all to which that act was
to give rise; and more, far more; the cloud
was removed from his sight, and he saw how,
step by step, desire had grown into envy, and
envy into hatred, and both into contempt of
God and of His word; and then came upon him
the glory of the Almighty, and he was to him,
not a blessing, but a curse. I have felt it
all, young man; but no one who has not felt it
can know it."

He spoke in the same earnest manner, and
with the same sort of wild vehemence which
had more or less characterized all he had
hitherto said; but the language he used was
English, and though there was that strong
foreign accent, the words were good and well
chosen, as if the tongue was or had been fa-
miliar to him.

Bernard March was—unusual thing for him—
somewhat puzzled how to act.

"You know, I presume," he said, "that
your presence in this country, is very danger-
ous to yourself, especially at this time."

"What care I for danger?" replied the man,
"men fear who have some blessings to live for.
I have none. The momentary pain, the long
repose of death, the ending of all fear, and sor-
row, and regret, the commitment of one's self
solely to the unfeeling mercy of the most High,
what is there to fear in that? But yet you are
right in one sense. I have duties to perform
before I die, or the voluntary atonement is not
made. When that is accomplished, I am ready
to depart."

"Well, then," replied the Earl, "let us
speak of what is best for your safety till the
end is gained. I will not attempt to hide from
you, that had I known whom I should find be-
hind that frame, it should have remained still
and unmoved by me; but my good cousin
here, is a strange and somewhat changeable
person; and I thought, perchance, to find one of
those who had dipped their hands in the blood
of my murdered master. I knew not what
might be her religion now. She was once a friend
and follower of the martyred Lady. She may
now, for aught I know, be a frequenter of the
tavern or the gaming-house."

"She, she!" cried the monk, with a loud
laugh, "she is as pure a Catholic Christian as I
am. Why else am I here?"

"Why else am I here, I know not," answered
Lord Dartmoor.

"Then I will tell you," said the other, in-
terrupting his unfinished sentence, "I am here
first to perform my own high duty, and next to
visit, and strengthen, and console the poor
and scattered remnant of true believers on this
heretical and blood-stained soil, to guide the
doves among the serpents, and show them how
they may best escape the snares of the enemy.
Weak women—and your cousin is weak though
wise, are prone to yield to force and fear.
Their only refuge is in that holy subtlety
which is authorized by the very text of Scrip-
ture. They may still be as innocent as doves,
although they be as wise as serpents."

"A quotation perhaps not rightly read,"
said the Earl; "and so my good cousin Janet
is a good Romanist? God grant her comfort in
her faith; and far be it from me to shake it.
But tell me—have you found your way in this
garb, through a country where so many really
abhor the doctrines of your church, and where
so many more affect to do so, either from fear
or policy—have you ventured this and es-
caped?"

"From one side of the country to the other,
well nigh," replied the monk, "have I gone,
without interruption. Men have looked as-
kance at me, perhaps; but I heed not men's
looks. Men have growled something in their
throats; but I can close my ears to foolish
sounds. I have begged a cup of water and a
piece of bread, as I passed, but nothing more;
and some have called me mad; but all have
given the little that I asked, while a few have
added the benediction. Here only did I consent
to conceal myself; for the weak old woman
feared that my presence in her house might
bring evil upon her."

"She was wise, not weak," replied Lord
Dartmoor; "but how found you your way
hither? Your friends are scattered and spread
wide; and most are, like good lady Janet,
afraid to confess their faith, in the bitter per-
secution that now reigns. Had you any guide or
directions?"

"Guide, I had none," answered the other,
"but my directions were ample. Look here!"
and he drew forth an old and worn catalogue
of names, written closely on several sheets of
paper. "I have visited every one but sixty on
all this list," he continued, "and the rest
shall be visited too, before all is over."

He held out the papers as he spoke; and the
young Earl took and read them hastily.
"Enough, and more than enough," said
Lord Dartmoor, with a sigh, "to have placed
their sovereign back upon his ancient throne,
if they had but used all the power which
wealth and influence afford them. This shows
indeed, that in popular commotions, fear and
hesitation are more strong than armies against
those who have only the support of a good
cause."

"Take care, my lord! take care!" cried
Sergeant Loftus, suddenly throwing himself be-
tween his young leader and the monk, who by
a quick movement had placed his hand beneath
his robe.
But the friar looked at him with a con-
temptuous smile, saying,
"Fool! see what is the dull thickness of
thy prejudices. It is but an image of the Saviour,
who died for thee and me, the constant memory
of whose suffering is needful to enable us to
bear our own; and he drew forth a small,
clenched cross, with an ivory figure of Christ
stretched in His agony upon it.

He kissed the crucifix with reverence, and
then put it in his bosom again; but Bernard
March turned to the soldier, saying,
"There is no fear, my good friend. Now
leave me and this man; and take your place
on the other side of the door. Pierrot, retire
into the other room, and wait till I call you."

The men obeyed, though it must be admit-
ted with some reluctance and suspicion, for
Loftus had all the prejudices of the English
soldier, and hated and doubted every papist,
he knew not and cared not why. And Pierrot
had too many memories of the siege of Rochelle
about him not to have a bias as strong, though
somewhat more reasonable, in the same direc-
tion.

When they were gone, the young Earl took
the monk's hand in a kindly manner, say-
ing—

"Be seated, my good friend. Though I be
what you would call an heretic, and by no
means a latitudinarian, I reverence all sincere
convictions, though different from my own.
You are, I am sure, sincere; and I am as will-
ing as my good cousin to do all I can for
you."

"I want nothing from any one," replied the
monk, casting himself down into a chair. "Of
you, especially, I ask nothing but to-morrow
to let me go quietly on my way, fulfil my
mission, and then meet any fate which may be
in store for me."

"Hear me to an end," answered Lord Dart-
moor, calmly but gravely; "you do not yet
understand your own position or mine. Do
you know that hostile armies are gathering
round this very spot?"

"I have heard something of the kind," an-
swered the other; "but what care I for ar-
mies?"

"Do you know that the soldiers of either ar-
my would think they did good service in shed-
ding your blood?" continued Bernard March.
"You say you have an object to accomplish,
a mission to fulfil. What because of either, if
by your own impudence you lose your life be-
fore either is attained?"

The monk looked gloomily on the ground,
but answered nothing, and the Earl went on:
"I wish to give you advice, but it must be
followed implicitly to be of any service. You
cannot leave this house upon your journey to-
morrow, whatever be its end and object. You

are here in security. Elsewhere you must
die; I myself, leaving all those most dear
to me, must go forward, whatever be the re-
sult."

"Cannot I go with you?" exclaimed the
monk, abruptly.

"No," said the Earl, in a decided tone; "I
cannot bring upon the King's cause the ac-
cusation of favoring a religion which is viewed
with hatred, not only by those opposed to him,
but by those especially who are now his strong-
est and best supporters. You must remain
here till the fate of the next battle is decided.
How it may end, who on this earth can say?
But it is wise to provide against all contingen-
cies, though we fear none. It may be this for-
tunate General—this Cromwell—this King
slayer—"

"God's curse upon him!" said the monk.

"Who is now rapidly following my royal
master," continued Bernard, without noticing
his words, "may once more, by his high qual-
ities, which are many, or by his faults, which
are not few, command success. I may fall up-
on the field, be taken prisoner, be so wounded
as to be incapable of giving help or counsel.
In that case, if you will throw off these gar-
ments, assume the dress of an English layman,
and act as guide to the ladies I have here,
you may do good service to the most faithful
servants of King Charles, pursue your journey,
and accomplish your own purposes, whatever
they may be. You must well know the face
of this country of England after your long
wanderings."

"Every inch of it," replied the other, bend-
ing his head; "but the garb, how can I cast
that off? Even when I was ordained a priest,
I retained the frock, which in penitence of
heart I had assumed."

"Your own faith, as well as your own secu-
rity, justify such an act in such circum-
stances," said the Earl; "would that both
were not often held to justify much more!
Unless you do this you can be of no service to
me or to yourself. But before I proceed I must
have your promise."

The monk waved his hand, and bent his
eyes upon the ground, remaining several mo-
ments in profound meditation. Heaven knows
what thoughts occupied his mind, what deep
solitudes which in his days and in his church
so often engaged the thoughts and influenced
the actions of men; but in the end he raised
his head suddenly, and said,

"I will do it. What next, young man?
Where shall I get those garments? I have
none but these."

"They shall be provided for you," replied
Lord Dartmoor, "there must be many a man
in my party whose suit will fit you, if some of
mine will not. Now mark me; you must re-
turn to your place of concealment. A bed
shall be brought there, for from what I saw
through the window, they had no time to place
one—"

"I sleep in no bed," rejoined the monk.

"Well, then," said the Earl, "three men
shall be left behind with you. Two of them
speak French, which, doubtless, you under-
stand, and one is an Englishman who may be
of use in time of need. As soon as I know
what turn affairs have taken, if I come not my-
self, some messenger shall reach you. Should
it be needful to fly, the men and the ladies will
be collected immediately at a small postern
door at the back of this building, with a horse
for yourself—you can ride, I suppose."

The monk smiled with a contemptuous look,
but merely replied,

"Go on! How shall I find my way to this
postern door? Where is it?"

"It leads to the most wooded part of the
park," said Lord Dartmoor; "but you have
no occasion to seek it through the open ground.
There is a way through the house. Just facing
the back of this picture there is a mirror.
You can draw it back; and though the glass itself
is but small, a large part of the wainscot will
follow it. It leads to a narrow passage without
light, but, feeling by the wall, it will bring you
straight to the door I have mentioned. A
spring lock will give you exit. Close all be-
hind you, and leave as little trace as possible of
your having been here at all. No use of im-
plicating this good lady."

"You are thoughtful!" said the monk,
"but, tell me, who are those ladies whom I am
to guide?"

Lord Dartmoor thought for a moment, and
then replied,

"The eldest son, my old Countess de Mir-
paul, the younger is her daughter."

"And whether am I to lead them?" was the
next question. "I am not accustomed to travel
with women, and love not the task. The sooner
it is over the better."

by some caprice, I learn, or perhaps by some more generous motive, the acquaintance has been severed, the acquaintance removed, and a few old servants allowed to return and abide there. But you look strangely, my good friend. Do you know the place?"

"But slightly," said the monk, with his eyes wandering over the ground. "I was there many years ago for a short time; but I can find it. Go on."

"Leave the ladies there, then, till they hear more, and then make the best of your way to Lynn. In these things I can do for you? You have had food of course."

The man gave a cynical smile, and answered, "The presence of your two men was security enough that I should have none. Bread and water is all that I take; but that, I fear, must be had; for I am quite faint. I would gladly have a lamp, too, and some means of trimming it."

"You shall have all you desire," replied the Earl, "and to-morrow people shall be sent to attend further to your wants."

The monk bowed his head not ungraciously; and the young nobleman calling in Pierrot, gave him the necessary orders. While the good man was gone, the monk, as if to fill up the time, said, in a low tone, but fixing his eyes upon the Earl's face:

"I would fain know your name, my son."

"Men call me the Earl of Dartmoor," said the other; "but it matters little what they call. But to-morrow may be a heap of dust. My plain name is Bernard March."

"Earl of Dartmoor? Bernard March?" murmured the monk; "and Countess of Mirepoix, too?" and as soon as Pierrot had brought what he desired, he stepped upon the chair, entered the little secret chamber, and drew the picture over the aperture.

Bernard March then called the men to him, gave them strong injunctions to secrecy and silence, and adding, "Send old Hardcastle to me," sat down and covered his eyes with his hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$3 a year in advance—paid in the city by Letter-Post, or by a single number. For \$5 in advance, one copy is sent three weeks—four copies sent to one copy for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any respectable Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS. THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see last of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are:

G. F. R. James, Esq., Mary Howitt,
author of *Richelieu*, Grace Greenwood,
Old Dominion, Ar., Florence Percy,
Y. S. Arthur, Martha Russell,
Emma Alice Brewster, Mrs. M. A. Weston,
author of *Letters from Paris*,
author of *The*, author of *The Ebony*
Secret, Casket, &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—The latest dates contain simply a repetition of former rumors—though the weight of opinion seems now decidedly to incline to the view that war, sooner or later, is inevitable. France, to the universal astonishment, had expressed herself in favor of a general disarmament before the contemplated Congress takes place—which astonishment was not lessened, when she avowed that, for herself, she had not armed, but was still on a peace footing! The preparations of Louis Napoleon are said not to be such yet as would warrant an immediate opening of hostilities—several months more being required to make all ready for the infernal discord. Austria, some think,—and it is reported that so also thinks her young Emperor—is acting unwisely by not attacking Sardinia at once, before France is prepared to support her. But in this age of the world, the moral sentiment of mankind must be consulted, and he who strikes the first blow—however inevitable he may think a war may be—would run the risk of being considered the actual aggressor. Therefore, as it is supposed, the aged and cool-headed advisers of the Austrian Emperor, are against taking the first step in breaking the peace of Europe, however expedient, in a military point of view, that step might be.

In England, Parliament was to be dissolved about the 21st of April—and the elections would speedily follow. The combined Whigs and Liberals appear confident of success before the people; and we may infer that the Conservatives are equally confident, or they would not have dissolved the Parliament. It is something of an indication of the way the popular current is setting, that *Punch*, which not long ago seemed disposed to ridicule Mr. Bright, now has taken to ridiculing Derby and Disraeli. *Punch* however is more affected by the

sentiment of the large towns, which are the strongholds of the Liberals, than by the sentiment of the country places, which elect a majority of the members of the House of Commons.

The effect of these rumors of great war is very protruding to the commercial and other industrial interests of both France and England. Indirectly, also, they affect the pecuniary interests of the United States—unfavorably so far as the cotton interests are concerned; favorably in regard to the grain-growing, and cattle and pork producing interests. In case of a great war, there could hardly fail to be a demand upon this country for all its surplus of produce, at fair prices. But such considerations as these, though they may be alluded to, are not to be dwelt upon as if they could have the least effect on our hopes and wishes. As lovers of mankind, we must regret to see great nations plunging into vast wars, merely to gratify the caprice or ambition of one restless ruler. And our hopes and wishes must be, that this black cloud in the Eastern horizon shall speedily fade away, without desolating with its vengeful lightnings and fierce tornadoes, the homes of hundreds of thousands of our fellow men.

THE WATERS OF LOCH KATRINE.—Those waters immortalized by Scott in his beautiful poem of the "Lady of the Lake"—are to be carried in pipes to Glasgow, for the use of the inhabitants of that prosaic city. Already the wilds where it was not safe for a lowlander to be found,

"Without a pass from Rhoderick Dhu," are being recklessly dug, levelled and blasted by a lot of what our English friends call *navvies*.

WHAT NEXT?—As an indication of the extensive circulation of the *Lodge*, we would state that we received, a few days ago, a letter containing \$24, for a "club," from Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.—N. Y. *Lodge*.

If that is "an indication of extensive circulation," we can more than match it. The *Post* has over one hundred subscribers in Utah.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

E. A. B. The name is a fictitious one.

E. S. By writing to the various publishers that advertise in THE POST, and comparing their answers, you can probably come to a satisfactory conclusion.

SUBAN. We see no objection to the acquisition of all kinds of knowledge by any one, man or woman. As the field of knowledge, however, is a wide one, it is better to commence by acquiring such information as is most certain to be needed by you. For instance, it is all very well for a young lady to acquire a knowledge of French, German and Spanish—and we see no objection to her adding to the list Latin, Greek, Russian, Chinese and Arabic, together with as many of the Aboriginal tongues of this continent as is pleasant to her, and not destructive of her physical and physiological exactness of her organs of utterance, and her temperance—into the comprehensive phrase of the *New York Tribune*. But, before she devotes her time and energies to these studies, there are a few things in the household keeping time that she would do well to master—no mistress—that is, if she has any intention of ever accepting the responsible position of wife, and head of the domestic department of a household. German is good, and Greek is good also—but, when a man is hungry, a well-cooked meal is far more desirable. If a man's mouth could be satisfactorily filled with words, doubtless the German would come as near doing it as any other language, but, as the old proverb has it, "few words butter no parsnips." If Susan correctly apprehends the drift of these remarks, she will perceive that we would, as a general rule, have every young lady well versed in household ways, to begin with. Then, if she has time, without neglecting the duties of her position as her father's house, to add to the elements of a common school education any of the higher branches, we should think it very commendable so to do. There is no branch of knowledge that is not useful, but it would be folly to omit those branches which we may be called upon to use every day, for the sake of those which can only occasionally be of any practical value.

In this, as in most other things, the common-sense rule holds. Do not sacrifice the greater to the less.

NORVAL. No, it is not very difficult to get a situation on the stage. Most stage lines need good drivers—we suppose, of course, that is the kind of stage meant. You should have good recommendations for sobriety and punctuality.

ANNIE. If it fatigues you to walk a mile, walk half a mile; if that fatigues you, walk a quarter of a mile—if that, stay at home, or go in a carriage. There is no use in calling in a doctor—take a broad pill, well buttered, two or three times a day. It will suit your case precisely.

STRENGTH. In preparing a manuscript for publication, the first draught is sufficient. If it is written in such a cramped and illegible hand, and so obscured with alterations and erasures, that the editor cannot read it without great difficulty, it will be all the better. You may add in a note, that "you really were too much hurried to make a clean copy, and that you always hate to read over your own compositions." By following these instructions implicitly, you will render it very easy for said editor to come to a decision upon the merits of your article, which will no doubt make quite a light in his office, if not in the world.

REWARD. Condemns are not very difficult to make, and we wonder that more original ones are not sent to us by the contributors to the Riddler department. What does Edward think of the following?—Why was Falstaff like a certain traveler who claimed to have discovered this continent?

J. S. V. You must submit—a clergyman has a pre-emption right as it were, to marry the prettiest and richest girl in his congregation. Until the minister is married, the other young men naturally can have no peace. Many young ladies think that in marrying the minister, they not only wed the height of earthly felicity, but that, at their deaths, their good man will have nothing to do but turn the key, and let them into the realm of felicity above. A dangerous rival therefore is the minister. If you are the schoolmaster, the lawyer, or the editor of the village, you may have in deed the ghost of a chance—but, if neither of these, we pity you. Your best plan would be to turn minister yourself.

WOOD. The "woodcock" is the seat of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords. It is a large square bag of wood, covered with red cloth. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Free Trade was not in fashion in England, an Act

was passed forbidding the exportation of wood—as it was needed for the use of the infant manufactures. To remedy the law-makers of this important staple, the wood-cock was introduced. We would suggest, now that the slavery question is so much discussed by our law-givers, that wood-cocks might be very appropriately introduced into our own legislative bodies.

BACHELOR. Some men are very unlucky. For instance, we notice that a gentleman who has been himself in one of the London periodicals, as follows:—"A great deal is said about wealth being the great attraction to parents and their daughters. Nothing of the kind. No one can speak more to the point than a man of experience. It has been my lot—starting in life when very young—to have lived a bachelor's life for nearly twenty years, in a very respectable country locality, studiously avoiding all habits that would injure a man's reputation, conducting a respectable business, well patronized, enjoying, or rather receiving an income from £200 to £1,000 (\$4,000 to \$20,000) a year, occupying a residence that no private gentleman need despise, replete with every convenience that a man of such means could possibly desire, and nothing to complain of in personal appearance. Yet with all this, would you believe it, sir, I have never received a single invitation out of my own family, which is very small, and most people wonder why I am not married? It is to be a matter of surprise, when I have not had one opportunity of making a single home acquaintance. It is right that a man in such a position should snare after young ladies in the highways and byways, and incur the risk of being snubbed? I think not. I see men of no reputation, no means, and with nothing to recommend them, enjoying the confidence and hospitality of numerous acquaintances. I have tried the 'hospitable,' quite to the extent of my means; but I never get invited in return to meet ladies. So much for wealth and its supposed influence and attractions: the very thought of it is an insult to my understanding." The above is one of the most singular cases we ever met with. What can the English girls be made of? It may be that the bachelor in this case, is only not married, because he can never summon up nerve to ask any one to have him. We believe there are such cases—men who never marry, unless some sensible girl, understanding their case, calls up a praiseworthy degree of resolution, and takes them by storm.

LOUSIANA. Cats and dogs, we believe, are not, legally considered, property—though dogs are often worth from ten to fifty dollars a piece. Umbrellas, however, are property, though most people seem disposed to ignore the fact. Returning an umbrella has been dubbed by a poet the height of honesty, in the following lines:—

Three friends once, in the course of conversation,
Touched upon honesty. "No virtue better,"
Says Dick, quite lost in sweet self admiration,
"I'm sure I'm honest—say, beyond the letter
You know the field I farm, well, underground
My plough stuck in the middle of a furrow,
And there a pot of silver coins I found.
My landlord has it, without fail, to-morrow,
So modestly his good intent he told."

"But wait," says Bob, "we soon shall see who's best
A stranger led with me uncounted gold;
And I don't touch it, which is honestest."
"Your deeds are pretty good," says Jack, "but I
Have done much better (would that all folks
learned it)!"

Hear then the highest pitch of honesty,
I borrowed an umbrella, and returned it!"

All night alone we journeyed on,
In a carriage, close together;
We laughed and talked right jocosely,
In spite of wind and weather.
But when first broke the morning light,
Judge of our fright, my child
Between us sat a blind-eyed boy—
Twas Love, with aspect mild.

—HUNT.

WE must love our friends as true amateurs love paintings: they have their eyes perpetually fixed on the fine parts and see no others.—*Mae de Euphonia*.

Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous.

In a discussion in the Connecticut Legislative Agricultural Club, last year, a wag recommended the farmers to put snuff on their corn, so as to make the crows sneeze, and then to shoot the sneezing ones as the rogues.

On every side and in every class of society, whatever may be the difference of opinion which men entertain on particular points, there is one sentiment which is growing with alarming rapidity, and consolidating itself into a most dangerous unanimity; and that sentiment is one of sickening disgust at the reckless dishonesty with which great and vital questions are dealt with by public men.—*London Review*.

In the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

How to CURE FURUNCLES.—Nothing easier. Take a nutmeg grater, and rub the skin entirely from your face and neck, then, with a hot iron, make the surface perfectly smooth. Rub well with oil of vitriol, and cover the parts with onion tops. The next skin that grows will be white, and perfectly free from freckles.

The generality of friends put us out of conceit with friendship, just as the generality of pious people put us out of conceit with religion.—*Richmond Correspondent*.

THE following curious correspondence actually took place some years since, between a well-known Irish M. P. and a certain autograph collector:

"Dear R.—I'm making a collection of autographs of celebrated individuals; will you favor me with yours?" I remain, &c.,

"W. Cox."

"Dear C.—I have been so harassed by autograph collectors, that I'll be hanged if I write my name again for any man."

"Yours, &c.,

E. REMYERS."

A wag in Detroit has been taking liberties with the reputation of the Pontiac Railroad. He was asked whether he knew of any accident on that road, and he replied, "Never; but once a middle aged gentleman left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of old age at Birmingham, half way!"

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

I have lately been deeply interested by reading the report of the Ohio State Reform Farm—the first institution in America founded on the European system, and on the great principle of confidence in human nature and faith in its redeemability.

The Report gives on the whole, a cheering account of progress and success, though the enterprise has had many serious and vexatious obstacles to contend with. These have arisen, not so much from the vices, ignorance and weakness of the boys, these being well understood and calculated upon—as from the want of faith, and genuine, long-enduring charity and philanthropy in the officers—deficiencies which were not fully anticipated by the ardent and benevolent advocates of the plan.

To give you any idea of the peculiar qualities required to fit one to be a thorough and efficient officer and teacher in this institution, I must speak somewhat at length of its peculiar system, and of the character of its inmates.

The Reform Farm is a beautiful tract of land, near Lancaster, Ohio, on which several plain and commodious buildings have been erected, as homes and schools for such vicious and incorrigible boys as have hitherto been confined in jails, penitentiaries and Houses of Refuge, subject to the degrading and hardening influence of older criminals.

There is no wall about the farm—there are no gratings to the windows of the buildings—no ponderous locks and bolts upon the doors. From the first, the system is to treat the boys, even while watching over them with faithful vigilance—to treat them as unfortunate brothers, rather than as degraded criminals—to rouse the best and manliest attributes of their nature—to restore their lost self-respect—to inspire a sense of honor, which comes to most of them like a new soul. It is impressed on them that they are here not "in duress vile," but under a useful and kindly restraint—not as a punishment, but as an act of grace, for their good and happiness.

The institution is divided into families—over each of which are appointed two assistant officers, called "Elder Brothers." These assistants are with the boys at all times, having charge of them in all things. There are also other Elder Brothers, who watch at night, nurse them in illness, and look after them when in confinement. They also lead in devotion, by reading the Lord's Prayer, night and morning, and have charge of what is called the "Moral Training." The families are divided into classes—and the classes into divisions. These divisions are marked by badges. The highest is called the "Eagle badge." When a boy has worn this for three consecutive months, he is entitled to a discharge, "on probation." Rewards are given of money, books, and marks of merit. For labor over the allotted tasks, the boys receive pay, which they may spend as they please. For special studiousness, cleanliness, or good manners, they receive permission to sit at "the table of honor," with the Principal, or commendation before the whole school. When a boy leaves the institution "on probation," he takes with him all he has earned therein, a change of linen and a small sum of money. He is promised a cordial welcome should he wish to return—and his class are permitted to accompany him a little way on his road, to bid him a brotherly adieu. Some return—fleeing back by the great unfriendly sea of society—and some choose to remain in the only home they have ever known. These become "cadets," and assistants.

One of the principles most rigidly adhered to, and with the most happy effect, is that of inflicting punishment as a calm, public judgment, some time after the offence—not hastily under the excitement of the provocation. In the evening hour, devoted to moral training, the conduct of the youth is reviewed, and the rewards and punishments dealt out with equal faithfulness and kindness. On every Sunday morning the Principal holds a moral review of the week just past—when he passes judgment on cases reserved for his decision, and talks to the boys, in a gentle, fatherly way, giving them counsel and encouragement, as well as reproof.

The farm and household labor is nearly all performed by the boys—always under the supervision of the Elder Brothers, who do not stand over them like armed prison wardens—silent and stern—but assist them with advice and the help of their hands. Idleness is held up as not the least among "the seven deadly sins"—as a vice not to be tolerated or excused. Little except domestic and agricultural labor has as yet been attempted, but various mechanical employments are soon to be established. Much, almost all has been accomplished, when young idlers and vagrants have been made to realize that labor is honorable and holy—that the sweat of honest toil is purifying to the soul—the baptism of nature.

A common-school education is given to each inmate. But education here means more than this. It means instruction in manners, at the table, in the school-room and dormitory,—it means the acquirement of habits of politeness, and kindly consideration toward each other, and of respectful courtesy toward their superiors. It means instruction in music, that divine harmonizer and humanizer—instruction in gymnastics, swimming, and other manly exercises—and above all, it means constant teaching, counsel and example in religion.

There is service in the school hall every Sunday morning, and that the other hours of the day may not prove irksome to the boys, the teachers are accustomed to take them out for long walks on the farm. The beautiful scenery, the pure air, the green grass, flowers, foliage, brook songs, and bird warblings are said to be keenly enjoyed by the poor boys—many of whom come from the gloomy cells of jails, or the damp courts and reeking alleys of the lowest quarters of the city. When they look around on hill and meadow, and a green billowy stretch of grain fields, they resolve never again to lurk like beasts in dens of crime and squalor;—when God is leading his world with sunshine, they think, with a shudder, of the meagre rations of light which once came to them through grated prison-windows.

The lads are encouraged to talk, and ask questions about anything which they see, or anything that occurs to stimulate inquiry or thought—and the Principal and assistants converse with them freely, giving them all the information in their power. It is thus some neglected minds receive their first dim perceptions of the marvels of creation and the goodness of the Creator, and become conscious of that divine thirst for knowledge which lifts humanity from brutishness, attests its angelic origin, and proclaims its immortality. Who can measure the good which may be wrought by these simple, kindly teachings in the fields, those great lecture-rooms of Nature—the woods, those grand cathedrals of God?

When the weather will not admit of these informal, open-air services—these rambling Sunday Schools, teachers and pupils spend the time in-doors, in reading, singing and conversation.

Great care is taken to give Religion a cheerful, natural aspect, while preserving its grandeur and solemnity—and especially to guard against hypocrisy—that most insidious foe of true piety—sometimes deceiving even the deceiver. The boys are not only desired to join in public worship, but counselled to give some time, morning and night, to secret meditation and prayer. They are taught that cleanliness is the piety of the body—the outward type and evidence of the purity of the soul, and the wholesome means of the heart.

Boys who are found peculiarly trustworthy, are made monitors, elected by their fellows, to assist the Elder Brothers in their supervisory duties.

The hour for moral training is the most important portion of the day. Then the merits and demerits are announced, reproofs and commendations are given, rewards and punishments awarded. Sometimes the boys are called upon to pass judgment on one of their number, and though they are inclined to lean to Mercy's side, there is evident a touching effort to be just and true.

Each boy is frankly conversed with, in regard to his feelings and conduct during the day, and advised to leave in his diary, a record of some fact learned, or temptation resisted.

After the moral examination, an Elder Brother reads to the boys something appropriate to the day's employments, or the season, explaining whatever may need explanation,—or encourages them to read aloud stories or poems of their own selection.

At nine o'clock there is family-worship, and then with kindly good nights and cheerful faces, that assembly of rescued human wails disperse to their beds.

I am glad to see by the Report, that corporal punishment has never yet been resorted to. Solitary confinement for the worst offences, has thus far, proved a salutary and sufficient corrective. The culprit in confinement is not left to lonely despair, or uninterrupted sullen broodings;—his Elder Brother visits him daily, and by kindly talk and gentle treatment, strives to convince him that the punishment is not an angry return for his evil doing, but is inflicted reluctantly, for his benefit and the good order of the School.

Notwithstanding the conscientious vigilance of the officers, escape from the Farm is comparatively easy, and some foolish boys have availed themselves of the opportunity to steal back into the peril and poverty from which they have been rescued. All of these have been retaken, or have voluntarily returned, except one.

On a late visit to Ohio, I met Mr. Charles Reemelin, the Acting Commissioner of the Institution, and truly the brave, earnest, philanthropic soul of the enterprise. Among many interesting anecdotes of the pupils, he related one of a boy, who at one time they were about to give up as utterly hopeless and un redeemable. As near as I can recollect, it was as follows:—

The lad was a desperate character, who had been sent to the Farm from the Penitentiary, and who proved sullen, obstinate and unthankful. On the first opportunity, he ran away—was retaken, returned, and ran away the second time. Again he was caught and brought back, and on his attempting to escape a third time, Mr. Reemelin had his neat Reform Farm clothes taken off him, and his old striped prison-suit put on. Then, bringing him before the whole school, he talked to him with all the severity of which his kindly nature is capable—showed to him his egregious folly in thus persisting in running away from a comfortable home and friends, to plunge again into want, crime and danger. Then, pointing to the door, he said—

"Go, now—you are free—we do not want you, any more than you wish to stay. We can do nothing with so bad a boy!"

I need hardly say that the lad not only did not go, but entreated to be allowed to stay—promising amendment, obedience and contentment.

"What shall we do, boys?" said Mr. Reemelin, appealing to the other pupils.

Now, the young gentleman from the Penitentiary was not a favorite in the school,—he had rendered himself no more popular with his fellows than with his superiors, yet it was touching to see how instinctively their hearts softened toward him, in his humiliation and distress. They believed in his penitence and, as with one voice, cried,

"Try him again, sir! Give him another chance!"

It is probable that this intercession saved one young life from ruin. From that hour, a change for the better took place in the boy,—he became tractable and orderly, and is now one of the best pupils in the school.

You can now understand that the great obstacle to the success of such an institution lies in the difficulty of obtaining suitable officers and instructors. Many begin bravely, but soon faint by the way. Enthusiasm, though a great help, will not suffice as the motive-power in this work;—there should be rare patience, forbearance, tact and knowledge of human nature, wise lovingness, and an almost divine hopefulness—there must be that faith in humanity which is the rarest of all Christian virtues, even among reformers and missionaries. This is true missionary ground—a weary, dreary field of the Lord's service, pro-

viding no worldly honor, or gain, nor any sort of romantic or poetic inspiration. It is a narrow sphere of unenvying, unvarying care, watchfulness and toil. It is a work of voluntary slavery—of monotonous mental drudgery.

What to this is the labor of foreign missionaries—great and arduous as that often is! Though they are in the midst of the heathen, they have not the heathen always with them—upon them. They can generally hold what they gain. The pagan gods are not so jealous, have not so tight a grasp on their worshippers, as the devils of our corrupt civilization. Neither are they so cunning and indefatigable in reclaiming their lost subjects.

When the missionary in Oriental lands grows weary, he can fly to the mountains, or lie down by the sacred rivers, or in the shade of palms and pyramids to rest. Or he can rouse his drooping energies, like the good Bishop of Cyrene, by an arctic chase, or stir his languid blood by the titanic sport of an elephant or lion hunt. If in Palestine he faints and sinks to the earth, it seems to me that the touch of that soil, hallowed by the footprints of Christ and the Apostles, must renew his strength—enabling him to spring up like Antaeus, fresh for the fight with any Hercules of heathendom.

In the South Seas the dreamy charm of tropical life soothes the restless heart; in the far North, keen primeval airs and sublime polar splendors brace up the courage and inspire the soul—in Western wilds, perils, adventures, privations even keep the mind healthy and brave; and everywhere in foreign lands, strange scenery, customs and people interest the imagination and stimulate the heroic, philanthropic purpose—preventing discouragement and disgust, the moral torpor, the pangless pain, the smothered agony of *ennui*.

Here, as I have shown, are no such outward stimulants and inspirations. The heroic soul must labor on very quietly, in God's patience, while he may. All honor to such as endure to the end—and no blame to those whose hearts fail them, in a work which would tax angelic attributes of love and wisdom. Ah, who of us would do better!

I trust, dear G.—that you have been interested in this account—imperfect as it is; and I hope you rejoice with me, that there has been prepared such a safe asylum, such a happy home for even a few of that wretched class of boys—orphans, and worse than orphans, neglected step-children of society, ignorant and vicious, which are the saddest product of the heathenism and barbarism which grow rank in the very shadow of our Christianity and civilization.

May God keep the boys—strengthen their falling knees as they climb painfully and slow up the steep, unfamiliar path of virtue. May angels lead and lift them toward the upper light and peace, and may no mortal hand, thoughtless, or cruel, lay a stumbling block in their way. Adieu.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

NEW TWENTY.—"It is a part of my religion," said a pious lady, when asked why she went early to church, "it is a part of my religion not to interrupt the worship of others." And we believe if many a congregation made it a part of their religion not to twist their necks almost out of joint to witness the entrance of every person who passes up the aisle of the meeting-house, it would be better for both their necks and their religion. A gross abuse of religious decorum sometimes needs harsh medicine as a remedy.

We do not know whether it would be proper for some of our good ministering brethren, who are sorely tried by the neck twisting propensities of their congregations, to use that adopted by Henry Clay Dean, who was at one time chaplain of Congress; but we give it as their consideration, of course to adopt or reject as they please. The anecdote is from the *Pacific Methodist*.

Being worried, one afternoon, by this troubling practice in his congregation, Mr. D. stopped in his sermon and said:

"Now listen to me, and I'll tell you what the people are, as each one of them comes in." He then went on with his discourse until a gentleman entered, when he bowed out! Like an usher.

"Deacon A—, who keeps a shop over the way," and then went on with his sermon.

Presently another man passed up the aisle, and he gave his name, residence and occupation, so he continued for some time.

At length some one entered the door who was unknown to Mr. Dean, when he cried out—

"A little old man, with a drab coat and an old white hat: don't know him, look for yourselves."

That congregation was cured.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHILDREN.—Children are taught to tease, very much as they are taught to cry. With all his wants, real or imaginary, the child runs to his mother. They are matters of importance to him. He wants a definite and decisive answer—one which will settle the question—and his mind will be on the rack until he has it. It is not in the nature of the child to feel otherwise. He will have no peace himself, and will therefore give his mother no peace, till he understands and knows that the point is settled, and how it is settled. If you give him no answer till he has spoken ten times, he will speak ten times; and then, if he has any reason to suspect that speaking twenty times more will obtain an answer more favorable to his wishes, he will speak twenty times more. And this will soon grow into a habit. But give him an answer the first time he speaks, and he will not be obliged to speak a second time to obtain one; and never after a decision for his teasing, and he will soon give it up as of no use. If you have leisure, and the occasion seems proper one, you may let him argue his case before you decide it—but not afterwards. Indeed, if he has learned by experience that your decisions are final, he will seldom, if ever, attempt it. He will consider an answer as an answer. His mind will be at rest on that point, and soon find something else with which to amuse himself.

WE must love something.—*Dyce*.

THE COTTAGE
AND ITS INMATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't know. Haven't I been there to gather roses and hunt for strawberries? and who, pray, should know better? No! it wasn't a cottage over—there was nothing Frenchified about it. It was purely American, and harmonized so sweetly with the delightful American country! No! it hadn't a fat roof, nor a portico, nothing at all of the kind. But then it had some vines running all over the windows, and whole colonies of vines that built their nests and sang beneath its eaves. To the right was a field of clover, red with blossoms; on the left was an orchard, whose every wind scattered a snowy shower of blossoms; in front was a green lawn, shaded with some massive walnut trees; and to the rear opened a long grassy lane, through which the cows walked every morning to their pasture beyond, and returned by the same way at night.

I knew well enough to whom this cottage belonged. No, it wasn't to a school teacher, nor a preacher, nor an author—no such thing! It was built by the hand of him who owned it, and lived in it, and I had always admired his excellent taste in blending the useful with the beautiful, though I had never seen him, my visits having always been made to his wife, and during his absence. I had heard of him, though; heard enough to make me intensely curious to see him; for not a female tongue in the neighborhood approved the judgment of his wife's choice.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked; "is he immoral?"

"Not that I know of," was the rejoinder; "but to tell you the truth, Dolly, he's awfully ugly—his face is all scarred and distorted, I should think, by fire, and you know it always makes me nervous to look at anything of the kind."

"Poor man! perhaps he got burned in rescuing some child or feeble woman from the flames?" I said.

"Don't know—never heard; never made inquiries; you know they only came to live in this neighborhood last summer, and I never dare ask her what had so frightfully disfigured him, but I wish you would—oh, I should so like to know!"

"I am considerably acquainted with Mrs. Winslow," I replied; "I thought of calling upon her this very morning; perhaps she will tell me without my asking."

"Do! that's a dear good Dolly!"

And I did.

The whole atmosphere seemed redolent with music and fragrance; I couldn't tell why all the birds had taken it into their little heads to sing, warble and build their nests there; I didn't know why it was that the mosses, butternuts, violets and daisies should prefer that place to any other; but they certainly seemed to, judging from the profusion in which they grew.

The whole prospect was delightfully rural and picturesque, and over all lingered an influence of dreamy quietude and repose.

A narrow footpath, crooked as footpaths always are, wound along through the lawn, beneath the shadows of the giant walnut, and by this I approached, entered the little gate, and ascended the gravelled walk, bordered by beds of flowers, to the door. It was open, and I went in.

Alone—a serene and peaceful hush rested within. The baby nestled in the wreaths of snowy drapery hanging at the window, where great white and red roses bowed their graceful heads, and the warm, rich sunlight came in, and lay in bright bars of radiance upon the floor.

Not quite alone either—a cradle was there; and it required no conjecture to tell that the cradle had an inmate—a self-dignified, thoughtful, importunate little baby, whose quiet calmness I couldn't quite understand. It was wide awake, and its great blue eyes were staring with infant persistence at something. I couldn't tell what, then they turned upon me, and I returned the gaze. But it made no difference; the baby had not a frown or evil thought to hide; hence there came no sin in word or deed; hence there came no blush to that delicately rounded cheek; no failing to that calm, quiet eye, limpid as a lake in summer, serene as the heaven of June.

What a curious mental transcript would be the mind of a baby? Of what was it thinking?

Perhaps of the dainty smells that came in with every breath at the open window, perhaps of the great, red blossoms hanging in clusters amid the green leaves, and the light so warm and rosy falling in showers not far off; perhaps, of its airing yesterday out in the green woods, beside the brook, beneath the shadows of ancient oaks, among the ferns and mosses, and farther into the woods again, where thickets of laurel were one mass of rainbow-tinted bloom. That baby knows nothing of the neglect of dainties or nursery maids. It has never been left to the tender mercies of strangers, that its mother might attend halls and operas. It has never been doted with dross, and put into an unnatural sleep, in order that the nurse might chat, sitting on the steps with her next door neighbor, or, perhaps, entertain company with the cook of an evening in the kitchen. The baby's room, dimpled face and chubby person give the lie at once to any such supposition. It knows nothing of collar reeking with filth and mire, and all nauseous and unwelcome smells. Nothing of attic, close, confined, smothering with smoke, and a stifling atmosphere. Happy baby!—to be nursed so continually by its own mother—to inhale with every breath the freshest air, and the perfumes of opening blossoms—to drink in draughts of health and happiness with every opening day. But, the baby, like many others in this great world, don't know how it is blessed.

There was a rustle and flutter of muslin, the sound of a light, springy step, the glimpse of a dainty form, and Mrs. Winslow stood before me. She was not very beautiful, but sparkling and vivacious, with the glow of health on her cheeks, and its light in her eyes.

The baby had roused up now, to be sure; no more of its quiet and calmness—no more of its

thoughtful serenity. Its little form fairly fluttered with joy; it laughed, clapping its dimpled hands.

"You've come to stay all day with me, haven't you? and baby had such good company while mamma was gone, hadn't it?" she said, in a light, chirrupy way that set off the little fellow with renewed delight. Her invitation had only accounted my design, so removing my bonnet and mantle, while she sat down in the rocker and took the baby, we prepared to enjoy the day and each other's society.

"I can't tell what we talked about. No; it wasn't of balls, nor operas, nor lions, nor nights. No; not a neighbor's character was dissected. No; the intricacies of the clergyman were not shown up. No; not a morsel of private scandal was out or carved. But the time flew swiftly and pleasantly till dinner, and quite as swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, and when the great, round sun was sinking behind the trees that glowed and burned in the rich, warm light, she came to where I was sitting, and without a word laid a portrait in my lap. It was that of a noble looking man, with most expressive and featureless features.

"Is it your husband's?" I asked.

"My husband as he was," she answered with a sigh. "You have never seen him?"

I replied in the negative.

"It is almost time for him to be here," she continued. "You will stay with us this evening?"

I replied that I should be happy to form his acquaintance, and again looked at his portrait.

"He doesn't look like that now," she answered, wiping away a tear. "Yet he says," and a blush overspread her features, "he says that he shall ever have cause to bless the fire by which he lost his good looks, but which won him what he esteemed a thousand times more valuable."

"What was it?" I asked, with an unaccountable dullness of apprehension.

She pointed anxiously, and with a sweet, sad smile to her wedding-ring.

"Do tell me the story, I should be delighted to hear it."

Again she smiled, saying,

"I do not know that you will consider it very interesting; however, several reasons conspire to make me wish that you should know all, and since you have heard, never perhaps I may as well tell you."

"Certainly, certainly."

"You see when Mr. Winslow first began his attentions to me I wasn't at all pleased. He was handsome, I knew, but I had set my mind, very foolishly, I suppose, on having a rich husband, and one that could keep me above the necessity of work. So I slighted and repulsed him upon all occasions, making him feel not merely my indifference, but actual loathing and scorn. Such treatment one might have supposed would have quickly obliterated his passion; on the contrary, however, it seemed only to increase it.

"About this time I formed the acquaintance of a city gentleman, whose rumor reported to be immensely rich, and whose intense selfishness was veiled beneath a manner of the utmost civility. His attentions to me were marked and not to be mistaken—and though he had never spoken of love, he acted and looked it, and I believed him."

"At this time I lived with my mother, in our beautiful cottage at North Bend; the place was very gay, and social parties large and frequent; I mingled in them all, and Barton was my escort. Sometimes I saw Winslow, but he seldom approached me, though his deep, sad eyes always seemed following me."

"It was in October, I think, the atmosphere dry and cool, with high winds, when, as we were returning from a party, late at night, I was surprised and shocked by the appearance in the distance of a deep red light, that seemed to climb the sky and quench the very stars. A wild and awful presentiment of approaching evil at the same instant crossed my mind."

"If that should be our house," I almost shrieked.

"Nonsense—it is much farther off," exclaimed Barton.

"But I was not satisfied, and hurried on, nearly dragging him with me."

"We came nearer, nearer. My fears were all too true. It was indeed our beautiful home, wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame. Red forked tongues were lapping the pillars, and shooting from the windows; while up at one of the sky-lights stood my mother in her night dress."

"With one wild shriek I called the attention of the crowd to her situation. Hundreds of people had by this time collected, though chiefly as it seemed, for the gratification of curiosity. Some were running with ropes and ladders, others shouting and giving orders, which no one seemed inclined to obey."

"My mother, my mother," I cried, "will no one go to the assistance of my mother?"

"Every moment the flames increased with astonishing rapidity, surging and roaring like the sea in a storm. Still my mother stood there surveying the scene with the resignation of a martyr."

"Barton, Barton," I shrieked, "for God's sake, help my mother."

"He stood still."

"I implored, and urged him."

"At length he turned toward me with a frown, saying:

"I cannot risk my own life to save even your mother."

"Great heaven, and I have loved this man!" The thought rushed scathing and scathing through my brain.

"There was a shout, an exclamation, an utterance of brave, strong words. Some nervous arm had placed a ladder, and a man was rapidly mounting—on—on through the dense smoke wreaths—through singeing flames, scorched by the intense heat; on—on—he went. It was a moment of intense suspense; the crowd swayed and murmured like a wind swept wave. He appeared again; I saw my mother in his arms; I knew that she was saved. Then there was the crash of the falling roof, mingled with wild exclamations; and a great mist rose before my eyes; a noise, not unlike that of the roaring flame, was in my ears, and I lost the consciousness of surrounding objects."

"SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.—He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.—Feller.

"Is it necessary to tell who it was that thus rescued my mother? or what emotions I experienced upon hearing how deeply I was indebted to the man I had despised. It is necessary, however, for me to tell you, that there and then he forever lost the good looks which you admire in that portrait. The clothes were burned from his body, and the flesh of his face and neck seared and scorched till the skin seemed of the consistency of leather."

"There, there, my dear," said a manly voice at the door, "you have told enough; let me finish."

I looked up. A man was there, on whose countenance were deep traces of the fiery element, but he didn't look ugly to me at all. Each scar seemed rather a badge of honor, and the very soul of truth and nobleness beamed radiantly in his eyes. His wife presented him, and giving me his hand, he said:

"One whom my dear wife esteems so much cannot be a stranger to me, and now, since she has told you part—for I have been a sad eaves-dropper—let me tell you the rest."

I joyfully assented.

"Then and there," he began, "I heard the hot flames roaring around me, and felt its fiery breath scorching my cheeks, and seemed to lap up the very springs of life, but was conscious only of a great joy at my heart, for the mother of her I prized was safe in my arms. I knew, when I touched the ground with my precious burden, I heard the exclamations that rent the air, but could only think that I had made her happy, and in the bliss of that assurance, forgot for the time my own sufferings, the world, and everything."

"I lay ill through several weeks—through days and nights that would have been anguish, indeed, had I not known whose care it was that had provided everything essential to my comfort; had not such a pleasant face bent over me, such a sweet voice murmured in my ear, such a soft hand administered to my wants. Never in the proudest days of my health had I experienced such exquisite felicity; never in my strength was I so happy as now in my weakness; now, when she sat beside me, when she read to me, when she brought me fruit and flowers, when she put her hand in mine and whispered something that would have repaid sufferings a thousand times bitter than mine."

"Oh, William!" she cried, blushing to the very roots of her hair, "don't tell how silly and foolish I was."

"It was neither silliness nor folly," I exclaimed, "but the reward of great virtue and heroism. Let him go on; I am deeply interested."

"I have little more to tell," he resumed; "but when I grew strong and well enough to walk about, I observed that all the mirrors had been removed. Hitherto, in my deep happiness, I had thought little of the scars, which I should have known would deface my features. This incident reminded me of it, and excited my curiosity. When I requested that one should be brought, she implored me to desist, and finally burst into tears. I knew it all now, but thank God it didn't shock me in the least. I took her in my arms, and whispered, that since her beautiful face had become mine, I saw no cause to regret the loss of my old one, and wouldn't, for the world, change back again. You have seen and love me now, I said, whereas you didn't before; you know all my disfigurement, and with it your manner has changed from scorn to kindness, so I have nothing to mourn for."

"Every day of my life since has convinced me more and more that I spoke the truth."

WEIGHT OF THE EARTH.—Copernicus first distinctly demonstrated that the apparent terrestrial plain was really a free and independent material mass, moving in a definable path through space. Then Newton explained that this independent mass moved through space because it was substantial and heavy, and because it was unsupported by props and chains; that, in fact, as a massive body, it is falling for ever through the void; but that, as it falls, it sweeps round the sun in a never-ending circle, attracted towards it by magnet-like energy, but kept off from it by the force of its centrifugal movement. Next, Snell and Picard measured the dimensions of the heavy and falling mass, and found that it was a spherical body, with a girdle of 25,000 miles. Subsequently to this, Baily contrived a pair of scales that enabled him approximately to weigh the vast sphere; and he ascertained that it had within itself somewhere about 1,256,195,670,000,000,000,000 tons of matter. To these discoveries Foucault has recently added demonstration to the actual senses of the fact, that the massive sphere is whirling on itself as it falls through space, and round the sun, so that point after point of its vast surface is brought in succession into the genial influence of its sunshine; an interesting atmosphere of mingled vapor and air is made to present clouds, winds, and rain, and the inverted surface to bear vegetable forms and animated creatures of solid diversity. The world is, then, a large, solid sphere, invested with a loosened shell of transparent, elastic, easily moving vapor, and whirling through space within the domains of sunshine; so that by the combined action of the transparent molten vapor and the stimulant sunshine, organized creatures may grow and live on its surface, and these vital changes may be diffused, amongst which conscious and mental life stand as the highest results.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 208.

A LUNATIC'S DREAM.—When the Earl of Bradford was brought before the Chancellor to be examined upon application for a statute of insanity against him, the Chancellor asked him:

"How many legs has a sheep?"

"Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live sheep or a dead sheep?"

"Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor.

"No, my lord," said Lord Bradford; "there is much difference. A live sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has but two; the two fore-legs are shoulders, but there are but two legs of mutton."

CLAREMONT IN THE SUMMER-TIME.

CLAREMONT IN THE SUMMER-TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

If Heaven's mercy grant you grace To look upon the summer's face, You will not find a lovelier place—

Wherein to read the wondrous rhyme God writes upon the summer time, In flowers from every blushing clime—

Then Claremont—offest in her woods, And liest in sudden golden floods Of sunlight poured through leaves and buds!

Once, standing at her antique door, With heavy trailers tangled o'er, This vision passed my eyes before—

(Albeit the skies dropped dull and slow A shifting veil of silent snow, Betwixt me and the town below.)

I saw her in her summer-pride, A smiling landscape—far and wide Clamped by the ocean's flashing tide.

And leaning where the trellis spread A leafless canopy o'erhead, Communing with myself, I said—

Forever in the human breast There dwells a longing unexpressed— A something dimly felt or guessed—

Though we that something never find, For which our spirits long have pined In the lost ages left behind.

Yet, ever in her patient face Sweet nature gives our nature grace Some dear resemblance to trace—

Some shadowy recollections vast, Through which old yearnings for the past Sweep like a wandering autumn blast!

And even here my soul can see, And read, some solemn prophecy Of that which was, or is to be!

The clash of horn, the bay of hound Rolled down the wind a wave of sound— I started from my summer-bound.

Through the wild snow-storm, riding fast, The glimmer of a horseman passed, Joyfully battling with the blast!

As down the park he clattering flew, His locks a sudden sunshine threw— I saw a flash of April-blue.

His curls and eyes—dear eyes, I said— Then straight my cheeks went hot and red— If any one had heard instead.

Of my own heart—I whispered low, The snow wind whirled with the snow, And the vague woods waved to and fro.

Then was my startled heart aware Of something haunting the bleak air— The invisible presence of despair!

But from that shade I turned in scorn— Such love as mine was never born To walk this weary world forlorn!

And back—despite the wintry cold— My gorgeous dream of summer rolled, Royal with purple, green and gold!

(Yet through all thought this thought was plain— Bury the pleasure, but the pain A vexing phantom will remain!)

Year after year the wild rains fall— The black moss withers on the wall And the dim eyes of Claremont Hall.

Green, fibrous armed, and century grown, The ivy takes the west-wind's moan, And leaps from base to coping stone.

Rich rows of box from May to May Keep all the garden borders gay, That wind along the gravelled way.

Before the parlor easements dim, Wild, feathery shadows float and swim From many a rarely blooming limb.

A rose-vine climbs a tropic tree, That southward leaneth breathlessly, Hearing the music of the sea—

(Through which an antique legend flows, Of Indian tales, whose spice-wind blows Forever—whose summers never close!—)

While from his arm the false rose slips, To lay her blushing, half-shut lips Against an oriel's dim eclipse.

Through the wide portal's gloom and shine Swing clouds of golden jessamine, Making the atmosphere divine.

With faintest perfume. Bird and breeze Blend melodies with melodies Of honey-laden humming bees.

And where the mansion's eastern wall Slopes in, and blushing shadows fall Upon the sweetest spot of all.

Creeping a battlement sublime— Who weareth the heavy beard of Time— Rich Multifloras grandly climb.

And dash into deep garden bowers, From the gray crags of gothic towers, A soundless cataract of flowers!

Here the sweet robins yearly come, The mocking-birds are never dumb, And thrushes have their fragrant home.

In like thickets—tinting rare With dainty purple the dim air That thrushes something fine and fair—

The spirit of a faint perfume, Wind-rifted from the rosy gloom Of luscious depths of summer-bloom!

While backward hung from Claremont Hall The shadows of her roof-tree fall, And touch the meadow's woodland wall—

Along which woodland, winding slow, Two wandering streamlets fondly flow Through wild green dells and hollows low—

Beyond which woodland cool and deep, Broad glimpses of rich farm-lands sleep, Watched by a distant mountain-sweep!

At Claremont's feet the city lies, Her towers bold-fronted against the skies, And dashed with sunset's thousand dyes!

Wafted from each stately avenue An island's dim, dissolving view Blends with old ocean's solemn blue!

Thus in that wintry perch alone, And heedless of the tempest's moan, My dream of summer-time went on.

Even here—I sighed—my soul can find Some echo of some master mind In the long ages left behind—

The good for which my life hath pined— Two young lips, rosier than wine, Down-suttering, nestled upon mine!

He stood between me and the storm— With sudden sense my heart grew warm— I leaned upon his sheltering arm—

"Is truth," he said, "I am a child,"— He, blushing, passed, and quietly smiled— And childhood's fancy runneth wild!

"But once I saw an exiling grow Beside a lily, thriving so He soon o'ertripped her virgin snow!

"So when the storm rose wild and fast, He stood between her and the blast, Shielding her beauty till the last!

"His greenness glorified the place— But half the splendor, half the grace, He took from gazing on her face!"

(Dimmer I heard the wild refrain,— But the pleasure, but the pain A haunting phantom will remain!)

And she was older?—By some moon— Perchance the wind of other June Had taught her heart some plaintive rune—

"What cared he! she his life—his pride! So day by day, and side by side They grew—his fair boughs multiplied!"

I looked up in his eyes and smiled In truth you are a simple child, And childhood's fancy runneth wild.

Ere long the sturdy oak outgrew The lily, nursed by sun and dew, Did she forget him?—was he true?"

Did not some wild-vine, from his feet Climbing up, crown him crimson-sweet With beauty far more rare and meet?

Did not the lily shrink and pine? And all her nature fair and fine Withered, and fell from its divine?"

(Albeit by suffering we forego The earth-drops, and are fitted so For purer atmospheres to grow!)

His forehead like an angel's shone, As softly said he, stooping down— "The faithful oak loved only one!"

"Maria, should some earthly storm Sweep o'er my lily, threatening harm, May not my bosom keep it warm?"

Ah! there I lost that older strain— Bury the pleasure, but the pain A dreary spectre will remain!"

Some joys, like birds, had crossed the sea Of loss—some snows had silently Covered some dead hopes dear to me!

But here the buried dreams and fears, The haunting ghosts of bygone years, Dissolved into a mist of tears—

And gazing in his clear blue eyes, My soul up-drawn to sunnier skies, Shook off her life-long vagaries.

Wm Philadelphia, March, 1859.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BROKEN RAIL.

"Jo, there is a flaw in that," said William Somers, as he raised his ponderous hammer to straighten the rail that had just been rolled out at the Vulcan Mill.

"Then strike it lightly," said Jo, "and we may make it pass, by keeping the flaw side down. At any rate, there is no harm in trying."

These young men were both workmen at the Vulcan Works; and as their wages depended on the amount of good rails that they should be anxious to have as many as possible pass inspection; and as it was not their business to inspect, but to make the rails, they could not be expected to give notice of any concealed defects. After the day's work was over, Jo Green was passing up the track with the heaters, to Snugg's Saloon, where it was their custom to congregate on an evening.

"A mighty good day's work," says one, "who would have thought it the day after our bender."

"Rather poor heats, some of them," said another, "but never mind, twenty-five tons of good rails are to our credit."

"Good over one way," says a third.

"Yes, I know something about that," says Jo. "You may thank me and Bill Somers for some of the good luck. We saw the flaws, but managed to keep the wool over old Sharple's eyes, and the flaw side down, so as to make them pass muster. Let us take a drink all round on that, each one getting trusted for his own."

"Can't you sleep, William," said Mary Somers, that same night, as her husband seemed very restless, instead of falling into a heavy slumber, as was his custom after a hard day's work; "does the baby disturb you? I am afraid you are sick."

"No," said William, "I am not sick; but was thinking of what took place at the mill, to-day."

Here he related the circumstance of the flaw in the rail.

"Don't let that trouble you," said his wife, "Sharple will see it, and have the rail thrown out."

"No," said William, "it has already passed inspection, and been loaded on the car."

"Then go in the morning, and have it taken off; and don't worry any more about it now, but try to go to sleep; you have to work so hard, William, you need all the sleep you can get."

William did not reply, but reflected how the heaters would sneer if that particular rail was

taken off the car to be worked over again, and how the inspector would lose his confidence, as he was in the habit of saying that anything which passed through William Somers's hands, did not need inspection after, and how Jo Green would let out the fact that they both saw the flaw the day before. But after all, he concluded he would do his duty, and take the consequences. As soon as he formed this resolution, his mind ceased to be troubled, and he fell into a refreshing sleep. In the morning, at breakfast, William told his wife what he had concluded to do. Mary gave him a smile of satisfaction, remarking:

"You always mean to do right, William."

But imagine William's chagrin when he went to put his good resolution into effect, and found that the car had gone out on the night train, and was already a hundred miles away. Here it seemed to him that the trouble was beyond his reach. If he gave notice to the proprietors of the Vulcan Works, they would only blame him, without notifying the Railroad Company who bought the rails that there were defects in them; and, after all, the rail might never break, and maybe he was having all this trouble for nothing.

The winter was fast advancing, and the Shamrock Railroad was all completed with the exception of a few miles along the river bank. The great labor of grading along this steep declivity had just been completed ready for the rails, and the Vulcan Works had just finished up and sent off in great haste enough to lay that distance, so that it was announced the cars would run through the next week. This was great news to the laborers at the Vulcan, for most of them had come over together from Cornwall the year before, and they were now expecting many of their friends who had followed them, and had been waiting a few weeks in New York until the railroad should be completed so as to take them to their destination. Besides, the Vulcan Works had been enlarged, and were greatly in want of more hands who were experienced in the business, and could be trusted.

Christmas came, cold and frosty, and the great wheel at the Vulcan did not move. The great crater chimneys did not send forth their volumes of flame and smoke. The laborers were having a holiday. Every cottage was put in its best trim, every inmate in his best attire. Turkeys and chickens and puddings were smoking in every oven.

LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

BY SIR WALTER BALEIGH.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smaller part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her treasure angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a bride;
And with little there add
Work them into bracelets, too?
If she mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich she be?

Were her hands as rich as prize
As her head or previous eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manner's sake;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip,
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No, she must be perfect now,
In effort as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not by fire, but burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farwell her, while she be!

AN ILLUSTRIOUS BRITISH EXILE.

A few years ago I made the acquaintance of an elderly lady, whose husband, so far back as 1799, held an official position, both civil and military, in the colony of New South Wales. Many anecdotes she told me of celebrated characters who had, in the words of one of them, "left their country for their country's good." With most, if not with all, of these celebrities the old lady had come in contact personally.

"One morning," she began, "I was sitting in my drawing-room with my two little children, who are now middle-aged men with large families, when a gentleman was announced. I gave the order for his admission; and on his entering the door of the apartment, I rose from my chair and greeted him with a bow, which he returned in the most graceful and courteous manner imaginable. His dress was that of a man of fashion, and his bearing that of a person who had moved in the highest circles of society. A vessel had arrived from England a few days previously with passengers, and I fancied that this gentleman was one of them. I asked him to be seated. He took a chair, opposite to me, and at once entered into conversation, making the first topic the extreme warmth of the day, and the second the healthful appearance of my charming children—as he was pleased to speak of them. Apart from a mother liking to hear her children praised, there was such a refinement in the stranger's manner, such a seeming sincerity in all he said, added to such a marvellous neatness of expression, that I could not help thinking he would form a very valuable acquisition to our list of acquaintances, provided he intended remaining in Sydney, instead of settling in the interior of the colony.

"I expressed my regret that the Major (my husband) was from home; but I mentioned that I expected him at one o'clock, at which hour we took luncheon; and I further expressed a hope that our visitor would remain and partake of the meal. With a very pretty smile (which I afterwards discovered had more meaning in it than I was at the time aware of), he feared he could not have the pleasure of partaking of the hospitalities of my table, but, with my permission, he would wait till the appointed hour,—which was then near at hand. Our conversation was resumed; and presently he asked my little ones to go to him. They obeyed at once, albeit they were rather shy children. This satisfied me that the stranger was a man of a kind and gentle disposition. He took the children, seated them on his knees, and began to tell them a fairy story (evidently of his own invention, and extemporized), to which they listened with profound attention. Indeed, I could not help being interested in the story, so fanciful were the ideas, and so poetical the language in which they were expressed.

"The story ended, the stranger replaced the children on the carpet, and approached the table on which stood, in a porcelain vase, a bouquet of flowers. These he admired, and began a discourse on floriculture. I listened with intense earnestness; so profound were all his observations. We were standing at the table for at least eight or ten minutes; my boys hanging on to the skirt of my dress, and every now and then compelling me to beg of them to be silent.

"One o'clock came, but not the Major. I received, however, a note from him, written in pencil on a slip of paper. He would be detained at Government House until half-past two.

"Again I requested the fascinating stranger to partake of luncheon, which was now on a table in the next room; and again, with the same winning smile, he declined. As he was, about, as I thought, to depart, I extended my hand; but, to my astonishment, he stepped back, made a low bow, and declined taking it.

"For a gentleman to have his hand refused when he extends it to another, is embarrassing enough. But for a lady! Who can possibly describe what were my feelings? Had he been the heir to the British throne, visiting that penal settlement in disguise (and from the stranger's manners and conversation he might have been that illustrious personage), he could scarcely have, under the circumstances, treated me in such an extraordinary manner. I scarcely knew what to think. Observing, as the stranger must have done, the blood rush to my cheeks, and being cognizant, evidently, of what was passing through my mind, he spoke as follows:

"Madam, I am afraid you will never forgive

me the liberty I have taken already. But the truth is, the passion suddenly stole over me, and I could not resist the temptation of satisfying myself that the skill which made me so conspicuous in the mother country still remained to me in this convict land."

"I stared at him, but did not speak. "Madam," he continued, "the penalty of sitting at table with you, or taking the hand you paid me the compliment to proffer me—yourself in ignorance of the fact I am about to disclose—would have been the forfeiture of my ticket-of-leave, a hundred lashes, and employment on the roads in iron. As it is, I dread the Major's wrath; but I cherish a hope that you will endeavor to appease it, if your advocacy be only a return for the brief amusement I afforded your beautiful children."

"You are a convict!" I said, indignantly, my hand on the bell-rope.

"Madam," he said, with an expression of countenance which moved me to pity, in spite of my indignation, "hear me for one moment."

"A convicted felon, how dared you enter my drawing-room as a visitor?" I asked him, my anger again getting the better of all my other feelings.

"The Major, madam," said the stranger, "requested me to be at his house at the hour when I presented myself; and he bade me wait if he were from home when I called. The Major wishes to know, who was the person who received from me a diamond necklace which belonged to the Marchioness of Dorington, and came into my possession at a state ball some four or five years ago—a state ball at which I had the honor of being present. Now, madam, when the orderly who opened the front door informed me that the Major was not at home, but that you were, that indomitable impudence which so often carried me into the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy of our country, took possession of me; and, warmed as I was with generous wine—just sufficiently to give me courage—I determined to tread once more on a lady's carpet, and enter into conversation with her. That much I felt the Major would forgive me; and, therefore, I requested the orderly to announce a gentleman. Indeed, madam, I shall make the forgiveness of the liberties I have taken in this room the condition of my giving that information which shall restore to the Marchioness of Dorington the gem of which I deprived her—a gem which is still unpledged, and in the possession of one who will restore it on an application, accompanied by a letter in my handwriting."

"Again I kept silence.

"Madam!" he exclaimed, somewhat passionately, and rather proudly, "I am no other man than Barrington, the illustrious pickpocket; and this is the hand which in its day has gently plucked from ladies of rank and wealth, jewels which realized, in all, upwards of thirty-five thousand pounds, irrespective of those which were in my possession, under lock and key, when fortune turned her back upon me."

"Barrington, the pickpocket!" Having heard so much of this man and of his exploits, (although, of course, I had never seen him,) I could not help regarding him with curiosity; so much so, that I could scarcely be angry with him any longer.

"Madam," he continued, "I have told you that I longed to satisfy myself whether that skill which rendered me so illustrious in Europe still remained to me, in this country, after five years of destitution? I can conscientiously say that I am just as perfect in the art, that the touch is just as soft, and the nerve as steady as when I sat in the dress-circle at Drury Lane or Covent Garden."

"I do not comprehend you, Mr. Barrington," I replied. (I could not help saying *Mister*.)

"But you will, madam, in one moment. Where are your keys?"

"I felt my pocket, in which I fancied they were, and discovered that they were gone.

"And your thimble and pencil-case, and your smelling-salts? They are here!" (He drew them from his coat-pocket.)

"My anger was again aroused. It was indeed, I thought, a frightful liberty for a convict to practise his skill upon me, and put his hand into the pocket of my dress. But before I could request him to leave the room and the house, he spoke again; and, as soon as I heard his voice and looked in his face, I was mollified, and against my will, as it were, obliged to listen to him.

"Ah, madam," he sighed, "such is the change that often comes over the affairs of men! There was a time when ladies boasted of having been robbed by Barrington. Many whom I had never robbed gave it out that I had done so; simply that they might be talked about. Alas! such is the weakness of poor human nature that some people care not by what means they associate their names with the name of any celebrity. I was in power then, not in bondage. Barrington has my diamond earrings!" once exclaimed the old Countess of Kettlebank, clapping her hands. Her ladyship's statement was not true. Her diamonds were paste, and she knew it, and I caused them to be returned to her. Had not a pair of very small pearl-drops in your ears this morning, madam?"

"I placed my hands to my ears, and discovered that the drops were gone. Again my anger returned, and I said, 'How dared you, sir, place your fingers on my face?'

"Upon my sacred word and honor, madam," he replied, placing his hand over his left breast, and bowing, "I did nothing of the kind. The ear is the most sensitive part of the human body to the touch of another person. Had I touched your ear my hope of having those drops in my waistcoat-pocket would have been gone. It was the springs only that I touched, and the drops fell into the palm of my left hand."

"He placed the earrings on the table, and made me another very low bow.

"And when did you deprive me of them?" I asked him.

"When I was discoursing on floriculture, you had occasion several times to incline your head towards your charming children, and gently reprove them for interrupting me. It was on one of those occasions that the deed was quickly done. The dear children were the unconscious confederates in my crime—if crime

you still consider it—since I have told you and I spoke the truth; that it was not for the sake of gain, but simply to satisfy a passionate curiosity. It was as delicate and as difficult an operation as any I ever performed in the whole course of my professional career."

"There was a peculiar quaintness of humor and of action thrown into this speech; I could not refrain from laughing. But, to my great satisfaction, the illustrious pickpocket did not join in the laugh. He regarded me with a look of extreme humility, and maintained a respectful silence, which was shortly broken by a loud knocking at the outer door. It was the Major, who, suddenly remembering his appointment with Barrington, had contrived to make his escape from Government House, in order to keep it. The Major seemed rather surprised to find Barrington in my drawing-room; but he was in such a hurry, and so anxious, that he said nothing on the subject.

"I withdrew to the passage, whence I could overhear all that took place.

"Now, look here, Barrington," said my husband, impetuously, "I will have no more nonsense. As for a free pardon, or even a conditional pardon, at present, it is out of the question. In getting you a ticket-of-leave I have done all that I possibly can; and, as I am a living man, I give you fair warning that if you do not keep faith with me, I will undo what I have already done. A free pardon! What! Let you loose upon the society of England again? The colonial secretary would scout the idea, and severely censure the governor for recommending such a thing. You know, as well as I do, that if you returned to England to-morrow, and had an income of five thousand a year, you would never be able to keep those fingers of yours quiet."

"Well, I think you are right, Major," said the illustrious personage.

"Then you will write that letter at once?"

"I will. But on one condition."

"Another condition?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is that condition? You have so many conditions that I begin to think the necklace will not be forthcoming after all. And, if it be not, by—"

"Do not excite yourself to anger, Major. I give you my honor—"

"Your honor! Nonsense! What I want is, the jewel restored to its owner."

"And it shall be, on condition that you will not be offended, grievously offended, with me for what I have done this day!"

"What is that?"

"Summon your good wife, and let her bear witness both for and against me."

"My husband opened the drawing-room door, and called out 'Beesie!'

"As soon as I had made my appearance, Barrington stated the case—all that had transpired—with minute accuracy; nay, more, he acted the entire scene in such a way that it became a little comedy in itself; the characters being himself, myself, and the children, all of which characters he represented with such humor that my husband and myself were several times in fits of laughter. Barrington, however, did not even smile. He affected to regard the little drama (and this made it more amusing) as a very serious business.

"This play over, my husband again put to Barrington the question: 'Will you write that letter at once?'

"Yes," he replied, 'I will; for I see that I am forgiven the liberty I was tempted to take.' And seating himself at the table, he wrote:

"MR. BARRINGTON presents his compliments to Mr. —, and requests that a sealed packet, marked DN. No. 27, be immediately delivered to the bearer of this note. In the event of this request not being complied with, Mr. Barrington will have an opportunity ere long of explaining to Mr. —, in Sydney, New South Wales, that he (Mr. —) has been guilty of an act of egregious folly."

"Fourteen months passed away when, one morning, my husband received a letter from a gentleman in the Colonial Office. He clasped his hands, cried 'Bravo!' and then read to me as follows:

"MY DEAR MAJOR,—The great pickpocket has been as good as his word. My lady is again in possession of her brilliant. Do whatever you can for Barrington in the colony; but keep a sharp eye upon him, lest he should come back and once more get hold of that necklace."

"My husband sent for Barrington to inform him of the result of his letter, and he took an opportunity of asking the illustrious man if there were any other valuables which he would like to restore to the original owners?"

"Thank you—no!" was the reply. "There are, it is true, sundry little articles in safe custody at home; but, as it is impossible to say what may be in the future, they had better for the present stand in my own name!"

HOW THEY TREAT WOMAN-WHIPPERS IN PARAGUAY.—My attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who waited on the table during dinner; his dress was more that of a country gentleman than a servant, and his countenance peculiarly sad and subdued. I found my eyes continually wandering toward this individual, whose manner disquieted me, for he moved about wearily, as if his task was a weary one.

After dinner the superintendent asked me if I had observed the waiter.

"Yes. What is he—who is he?"

"The richest man in Eastern Paraguay. He has a very large, well-stocked estancia."

"And yet is here as a servant?"

"Yes. He was guilty of the ungalant act of whipping a woman, and the President has degraded him to be a servant at the Iron Works. He will at last liberate himself only by paying a large sum, or its equivalent in cattle."

So much for the rights of women, and the summary administration of the law in Paraguay.—*Pope's "La Plata and Paraguay."*

SOLVING THE "GHOST QUESTION."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A. MARION.

About the year 18—, business had called me to a remote part of B— county, Tennessee, and I was staying at the house of a Mr. Rubert.

The family consisted of Mr. Rubert and wife, one son, and two daughters. The son's name was Austin; he was about twenty years of age, and seemed to be very intelligent. The girls were no less intelligent than Austin. Adelaide, the eldest, was about seventeen, and Julia, the youngest, about fifteen.

Prettier girls I never saw. I loved them both as soon as I had seen them.

We were sitting by a blazing fire, talking and laughing as lively as if we had been acquainted for years; when a sudden noise, as if some large building was falling, interrupted us.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" said some one, as if frightened out of his senses.

All of the family rushed to the door, except Julia, who sat still, and remarked, "It is Bill Jenkins running from the ghosts again."

Scarcely had the words escaped her lips, when in rushed a tall, gawky, awkward, almost beardless fellow, puffing and blowing like a locomotive.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Rubert.

"Matter enough!" said Bill, his eyes looking almost as large as the bottoms of two common-sized tea-cups. "Out yonder," he continued, throwing himself down upon a chair; "out yonder, I heard a baby cryin', and then somebody a groanin' and snuffin'; and I tell ye I jest got away from thar."

At this I could not suppress a laugh.

"You needn't laugh, old hom," continued he, turning to me; "you needn't laugh, for I'll swear it's no fun; it's jest so—I'll swear it."

I turned to Austin and said, "Let us accompany him back to the place where he heard the noise, and 'solve' the ghost for him."

Austin was silent.

"Will you go?" I asked.

Austin began to stammer out something.

"Darn me!" interrupted Bill, "darn me, gentlemen, if you get me back thar anymore; see if you do!"

"Then tell us where it was," said I, "and if we can hear it, we'll solve it sure."

"Austin don't care much about going, I believe," said Adelaide.

"You're not superstitious, are you," I asked him.

"No," said he, "I'm not superstitious, but I'm afraid of catching cold, that's all."

"I propose," said Julia, who had been silent till now, "that we all go, Mr. Marion, Austin, Adelaide, and myself. The moon is now up, and it would be a pleasant walk for us, besides, we might have some real fun."

After some hesitation on Austin's part, this proposition was accepted. Bill told us where he had heard the ghost, but would not go with us.

Off we started. When we came to the spot, we found that Bill had knocked down about twenty panels of the fence.

We had gone two or three hundred yards, talking very lively, when we entered a low, dark place in the road; the timber was very tall and thick, which caused it to be darker than anywhere else.

When advanced a few paces into this place, our conversation stopped. Scarcely had we ceased talking, when—

"Boo-woo-woo-ugh!" went something near us.

"What's that?" said Austin, halting.

I advanced, and Julia stepped to my side and said—

"It's Bill's ghost, sure."

"On-boo ho-woo-ugh!" came forth again.

I could suppress my laughter no longer. It proved to be nothing more nor less than a hog, which was not sleeping comfortably, and was thus complaining.

"What is it?" insisted Austin, who had not yet found out what it was.

Just then we came to the hog-pen, and the hogs all ran off, frightened as badly as Bill was.

"Humph!" said Austin; "it's hogs, I'll swear, that caused Bill so much running."

We turned and went back to the house, and had a fine laugh at Bill, at his ghosts; but Bill would not give up; but that his were real ghosts.

I learned that there were but few persons in this neighborhood who were not superstitious.

I was informed that the place where Bill had heard the ghost, was really haunted.

Among other stories that were told that night concerning the place, one was as follows:—

Some time ago a man was coming through this place; it was very dark; he heard something by the roadside; turning in the direction of the noise, he perceived something white. It looked, he said, like a woman, dressed in white. He spoke to her; she raised her arms above her head, and said:

"John Kinler, if you will be happy, you must marry Jane Morton, and have the Rubert family at the wedding. Remember, John Kinler!"

So saying, she dropped her arms, and ascended slowly upwards, until she was out of sight.

John afterwards married Jane, and the Rubert family were at the wedding.

I expressed a desire to see or hear some such ghosts, but Austin thought that I would repeat of my wish when I saw them.

Bed-time came, and we retired as the clock struck twelve.

I lay awake in bed a long time, thinking of the incidents of the day.

I thought of Adelaide and Julia; which I loved best I could not tell.

Nothing else took place worth relating here during my stay at Mr. Rubert's. I left next morning, "living and loving."

Two years after the above-mentioned incident took place, I was passing through that

part of the country again, and of course I called on Mr. Rubert.

I found that the neighborhood was as superstitious as ever. The place where Bill Jenkins had heard the ghost, was still haunted. Many things had been heard; sights had been seen—from an Angel to Beelzebub himself.

I was very anxious to come across one of the ghosts, and during my stay at Mr. Rubert's I passed through the haunted place at all times of the night, but saw and heard nothing. I finally came to the conclusion that it was all imagination.

One dark night in July I was passing through this place, and heard something make a noise in the dry leaves near me; turning towards the noise I beheld something that looked, I thought, very much like a ghost. It seemed to be the figure of a woman. There was no waist in her dress, and it was very long. All this I could make out, notwithstanding the darkness.

I stood still to see what she would do. I must acknowledge that I did not feel exactly cool just then, but I managed to appear so.

"Marion," said the ghost, "if you will be happy you must marry Julia Rubert. Remember, Marion!"

Judge of my surprise and horror when the ghost spread out her arms, and ascended upward, until she was lost in the timber! What could I do? Scared as I was, I did not run, knocking down the fence, as Bill Jenkins did.

I started on slowly toward Mr. Rubert's; after I had gone a few paces, I heard a distant roaring behind me that continued more than two minutes. I did not look back, for I did not care about coming in contact with another ghost that night.

At an early hour I retired. Next morning when I came into the parlor Julia was there alone. When she entered she greeted me blushing and trembling.

After I had looked around and convinced myself that no one was near, I said, "Julia, at last I have seen a ghost."

When I said this Julia again blushed and turned her face from me.

"What kind of a ghost was it?" said she.

I told her all I had seen, but omitted what the ghost had said.

Julia told me that she had seen one just like it two or three nights before.

"I suppose," said she, "that you have become superstitious?"

I could not deny, yet I would not acknowledge that I was superstitious.

I implored Julia not to mention it until I could find out something more about the ghost, and she promised.

I determined to pass through this place every night during my stay at Mr. Rubert's, which was to continue about two weeks from this time.

For several nights I heard nothing, nor did I see anything like a ghost until the night before my departure, when, walking alone, I beheld the same ghost, at the same place, standing about twenty feet from me when I first beheld it. I stopped, and the ghost said:

"Marion, to-morrow you leave this place, and you have not asked Julia to be your wife. Go and ask her at once. Remember, Marion!"

Instantly I rushed forward and threw my arms around the ghost. She shrieked, and started up; I held fast, and up we went.

No pen can describe, no tongue can tell, in fact no one can imagine, my feelings at this moment.

Up we went. Still I held on to the ghost.—But I was becoming sick of my situation. I had my whole weight to hold up, by holding to the phantom.

"Let me down!" shouted I.

"Promise me one thing," said the ghost.—"Promise that you will leave the spot as soon as you touch the ground."

"I promise anything to get from here," said I.

"Let us down!" she shouted as loud as I had.

Down we went. But as we went down, I was very busy trying to find out something more about her. I found that she had a large rope around her, and was drawn up by it. A loop was made for her feet, then one for each hand; and she could stand upright with the greatest ease.

Just as we touched the ground, I took out my knife and cut the rope, just above the head of the ghost.

She shrieked and fell to the ground; I raised her up.

"Oh!" said she, "Beelzebub will be here in a moment. See! there he comes now!"

Here she tried to leave me, but I held on to her. I heard a terrible noise in the dry leaves just behind me. I looked around, and something was approaching. As near as I could discern in the dark, it resembled a very large man.

It came up very close to me, and stood still for a moment; then it tapped me on the shoulder, and said, in a rough, hoarse voice, "Come!"

I put my hand down to the ground, and, as luck would have it, I put it on a stick about as large as a man's arm. I snatched it up, and gave "Beelzebub" a blow with it which brought him to the ground.

My ghostly companion again shrieked and fell. I caught her up in my arms, and retreated as fast as my legs could carry me. Presently I ran against the fence, and knocked as much of it down as Bill Jenkins did. But I did not stop, but went on and into the house.

I sat the ghost upon a chair and called for a light. She here made a great effort to escape, but all was in vain.

A light was brought; a veil covered her face, and it was with great difficulty that I removed it. After a considerable struggle the veil was removed, and lo! it was JULIA RUBERT!

She shrieked and fell to the ground, and was then carried off to her room.

Just here, in came a negro girl, a slave of Mr. Rubert's, looking as if she was frightened out of her senses.

"Mama! mama! run in de kitchen right quick, 'cause Sambo come in dar all bloody, an' a blasin' yet; he say he got he head broke."

Austin and myself went into the kitchen, to examine Sambo's head. There was a very large gash, cut to the bone, just above his left temple.

To be brief, Julia had employed a negro man, Sambo, to assist her. He had procured a long rope, and fastened it around Julia, as I have already described; and then, climbing a very large tree, put the rope through a fork, and then descended. By this he could raise Julia as high as the fork of the tree, where she would be entirely out of sight to any person below, owing to the thickness of the timber.

Julia was the ghost that told John Kinler to marry Jane Morton; and Sambo had always acted "Beelzebub" when necessary. But after he had acted "Beelzebub" with me, he even he "nobber would be thill again."

I bore no grudge on account of

THE SHELL BANK.

BY D. A. BIRN.

I had been absent from the United States about three years, and returning to New Orleans, was spending the days pleasantly enough with a few acquaintances, when I received a note from my old friend, Harry Wade, who had been my name in the list of arrivals, and wrote inviting me to visit him at his plantation at Port Orleans. Going that evening, by the steamer, and landing at Grand Gulf, I proceeded, by stage, to Port Orleans, nine miles inland; and hiring a buggy, was driven up to my friend's gate about two hours before sundown. I will not linger over our meeting. Mr. Wade treated me as a brother, and I felt happier than I remembered ever to have done before. Wade, junior, not yet a year old, was admitted to his parents' content, and tea-time came unexpectedly quick.

After tea, Harry produced his cigar; and the weather turning chilly, we sat around the parlor fire, the first fever of meeting subsiding into a quieter happiness. Observing on the mantel-piece, what seemed a mound of common shells, protected by a large glass cover, I rose to examine it, thinking to find something to account for the position and care taken of such mean articles. There was nothing, however, but a square flattened pyramid of exactly such shells as are used in New Orleans for making roads; and I turned to Harry, with a puzzled and inquiring look.

"Can't make out what they are put there for, eh?" he said, with a twinkling in his eye.

"No," I answered, "for they have neither beauty nor value."

"They are a memento of how I made my fortune; which you haven't yet acquired about."

"I thought your cousin Ellen had prettily given you a fortune with herself."

"Not a bit of it," (a favorite expression of his); "Uncle Gratton settled every cent of her fortune on herself; and I would never have gotten her, if I had not had a fortune of my own."

"A fortune of your own! and these poor shells, a memento of how you made it? Let's have the story."

"To make a good story of it, I must begin at the beginning. You remember the day at Oakland College, when I showed you a letter from Uncle Gratton, informing me briefly but kindly of my father's death, and of the unexpected fact, that when all his debts were paid, there would be barely enough left to carry me through college, and afterwards enable me to study a profession. My father was himself aware that such would be the case, and spoke of civil engineering as the most profitable of the professions, but had not left any special command upon the subject, thinking it best that I should choose for myself. You know that from that day, I paid special attention to surveying, and to everything connected with the business of a civil engineer."

"My father had been a merchant in Mobile, and my Uncle Gratton was a cotton planter, in this neighborhood. He was not my uncle by blood, but had married my aunt; and had one child, a daughter, by a former wife. All of them were complete strangers to me, up to the time of my leaving college, when I went to live with them, until my future career was decided on."

"Ellen Gratton was then in her fourteenth year. From the first I called her Cousin Ellen, and was called by her Cousin Harry. She was so pretty, so sweet, and winning in all her ways, that I felt very much tempted to fall in love with her—but was kept from doing so by the remembrance of my dignity as a graduate of Oakland College. It would never do to fall in love with a child of thirteen. So our intercourse was entirely cousinly; and nobody seemed to know or remember that she was not my aunt's own daughter."

"She was sent in the carriage to Port Orleans every Monday morning to school, and returned on Friday evening. It was summer when I came; and before a month elapsed, I joined some rail road surveyors, and saw three months of practical work. When I returned to Uncle Gratton's house, winter was commencing; and rainy weather kept Ellen at home all the first week after. I believed it was then I fell in love with her—I suddenly determined to study medicine; and was perfectly conscious that the certainty of being near her for the next two years, was one of the allurement to that profession."

"A cousin of Uncle Gratton's was a practicing physician in Port Orleans, and appeared of my choice. Accordingly I arranged all preliminaries and took up my quarters with him, and plunged into the mysteries of Materia Medica."

"I got on well with my studies, but much more rapidly grew my love for my charming cousin. Before she was fifteen or twenty, it was become unmeasurable. Yet it was a secret from all; I never spoke of it, and was only thought to be a very affectionate cousin. My affection, so freely shown to my two real cousins, Ellen's half brother and half sister helped to blind everybody to the boundless devotion to Ellen that filled my heart, but was never told even jestingly, or to her."

"It was the first week in October. I was twenty-one, the sixteen. In one year more she was to leave school, and I was to start next day for New Orleans to remain there until I got my diploma, that is through two winters, and the intervening summer. All went to bed but she and I. At last she, too, rose to go."

"Cousin Ellen," I said, "it is not right for a poor man to aspire to you. Your father would never consent. But if you would only wait, Oh, if you would only wait, until—"

"I will wait, Cousin Harry," she said, and ran off. And that was all that ever either of us said, but I trusted her. I could never have loved her so much if she had not been one to trust.

"I was off in the morning before she was up. During the winter, walks about the streets, and occasionally a visit to the theatre was recreation enough for me, reading, as I did, letters from Ellen every two weeks. They were just such letters as would have been written

had these frequent parting words remained unacted, and mine were like them. As spring began to assume the appearance of summer, a drive down the shell road to Lake Pontchartrain was now and then indulged in. Once when driving along at a dashing gallop, in company with a fellow student, who, like you, seemed to have picked up information on every imaginable subject, and to whom his acquaintance put questions as to a walking encyclopedia, I asked,

"Beh, where do they get all those shells from? If repais alone require such piles as we see along the bank of the canal, it must have taken an immense quantity to make this road, seven miles long, originally."

"I guess it did. They are now worth twenty cents per barrel. They are now worth seven cents, and the making of the new shell road is just begun."

"But where do they come from?"

"Didn't you see Doctor Cartwright's letter in one of the papers last winter, about the mounds or shell banks as they are commonly called, found along the shores of Lake Borgne? The old doctor fails to make even a good guess at their origin. They contain no data upon which to base conjecture, and all that is known is that they are the work of human hands. He describes the two principal ones, one of which is on this, the other on the opposite shore of the lake. That on this side has been largely excavated, and furnished at least half the shells hitherto used on this road. It is now considerably reduced in size, and though small banks exist in various localities, the great one on Mulatto Bayou, in Mississippi, now attracts the attention of everybody interested in shells. It belongs to old Judge Dally, a very rich man, who foresees that its value was sure to increase, and has kept it almost intact until now. It is thought the present price of twenty-five cents per barrel will induce him to excavate it, as, saying there are only five hundred thousand barrels in the bank, it will bring him an hundred thousand dollars. But the quantity of dirt mixed with the shells, in the interior of the mound, being uncertain, the Mulatto Bayou shell bank, is priced at only thirty thousand dollars cash, in New Orleans. That was offered for it by the man who has contracted to make the new shell road, and was refused."

"By George! I wish I owned it!"

"Don't you 'g'lang' it and he made the horse step out to the best of his ability."

"A fellow student, who had also been a fellow-boarder, whose father planted Sea Island cotton, near Mulatto Bayou, visited the city in September, and gave me and two others an invitation to come over and take a two weeks' hunt with him. A schooner, belonging to his father, made weekly trips to the city with wood, and we were to go over on her to Mulatto Bayou, and walk there to the plantation. Early one bright morning, we were assembled on her deck, clean swept for the occasion, dressed in our oldest clothes, each with a small carpet bag, an overcoat, and a gun, a demi-john of fine old 'Bourbon' being in common; waiting for the slow moose, and their slower driver to hitch on, and drag us through the canal which leads from the new Basin to Lake Pontchartrain. It was nine o'clock before we began to move. It was twelve when we entered the lake, and we had fifty miles sailing before us."

"But the wind was strong and fair, and the day beautiful, its heat tempered by the evaporation from the water. As soon as we were fairly before the wind, we dined, principally upon raw oysters, and talked and smoked and drank, as merry a set as the world ever saw."

"The breeze died away just before sunset, leaving us becalmed at the entrance of the Rigolets (pronounced Rigoles by the sailors), the channel which connects Lake Pontchartrain and Borgne. The wind came again, however, with the stars, and on we went, the water gurgling musically about our prow and along the sides. By-and-by the moon rose, three quarters full; we were just entering the mouth of Mulatto Bayou when the light became strong enough to reveal the scenery."

"Mulatto Bayou comes into the mouth of Pearl River, just before that enters Lake Borgne. Seven or eight miles of marsh, clothed in tall, rank, coarse grass, stretched to the north, through which the river and the bayou wound like great ditches, while to the south was the lake, and behind it the Rigolets."

"The wind was southwest, and enabled us to shoot along the bayou, whose general course was east of north. Just as we reached the verge of the woods, where the marsh ended, we passed the great shell bank, covering three acres, and full twenty feet high. We had no time to examine it, as, if the wind failed before we reached our landing place, we should have had to pole the schooner along, and, though propelled by the wind she seemed to move so lightly, we should have found pushing her along with poles heavy work."

"The wind held steady, and bore us along to our landing in fine style. The bayou itself was not more than twenty yards across, but along each bank spread a marsh more than three times as wide, so that the wind sailed through all its windings, which were not many, nor great enough to shut out the view of the lake. One and a half miles after entering the woods, we tied up at Mr. Mitchell's wood-yard. On the opposite bank, beyond the marsh, were the sheds pertaining to a brickyard, and beneath one of them a fire. The mosquitoes were the schooner lay were too thick to allow of sleep, and we voted a general adjournment to the brickyard, which, being on higher ground, was more free of the little tormentors."

"So carrying our demijohn along, we crowded into the skiff, and found the County Surveyor, with two young men as assistants, camped under the shed, where we had seen the fire. Judge Dally had died about three months previous, and the surveyor was now engaged in re-surveying the estate, re-marking the lines and corners preparatory to sale. We gathered a heap of pine straw each, and lay down to take a few hours' sleep."

"We were awakened just as the east was red-dening, by a negro on horseback, who brought word to the surveyor that his wife was dangerously sick, and requested his presence immediately. The gentlemen was a good deal put out, if such an expedition is allowable when speaking of such grave circumstances,

by the news, saying that the completion of his survey was expected that very day, and he had positively promised it, and even made it a condition of his fee. I put an end to his troubles by offering to complete it for him, and as a few minutes conversation sufficed to convince him that I was perfectly competent, he gladly consented, saying that he could go over it again at a future day if necessary."

"The survey was already nearly completed. Two sides of section twenty-two alone remained to be run, and I got through by mid-day. The man who had first made the survey must have been drunk, or had a very defective compass, for I was specially careful, under the circumstances, and knew that I had made no mistake. Yet my corner was a hundred yards from his, and proved the great shell bank to be not in section twenty-two, as was supposed, but in section twenty-seven. Consulting the map which the County Surveyor had left with me, I found that section twenty-seven was still public land. The lines, as first run, had included all the valuable ground, in the numbers entered at the Land Office in Judge Dally's name, the rest being only worthless salt-marsh."

"Now here was a discovery! Thirty thousand dollars cash, lying there on that little promontory, belonging to nobody. The two assistants I had were ignorant fellows, who only knew enough to measure with the chain and other orders, so the secret was entirely my own."

"I thought of Ellen Gratton; she might now be my wife without any delay, with all the inevitable adverse chances that attend it."

"I went to Peurlington, where the surveyor lived, and returned him his compass and chain, and inquired where I could buy a horse. I had with me just one hundred and twenty-five dollars, more than half in gold. I found that evening an active old gray pony, which, with an old saddle and bridle, I bought for forty-five dollars, and early next morning set out for Augusta, where the Land Office was located, which was nearly ninety miles distant. I reached there about noon on the third day, and by paying fifty dollars in gold, became the lawful owner of the east half of the north half of the north-east quarter of section twenty-seven, Township—, Range—, east."

"In three days more I was back in Peurlington. The County Surveyor's wife was convalescent, and I requested him immediately to verify my survey, and give me a certificate of its correctness. He was much chagrined at having missed such a fortune, but did not express any doubt of the correctness of my work, having himself discovered several grave mistakes before I undertook the completion of his survey. He immediately went over the lines again, and gave me his certificate on oath, of the correctness of the position of the shell bank. You may suppose that I was not particularly anxious to see either of Judge Dally's heirs, so I went from Peurlington directly to the city, leaving an explanatory note for the friend whom I had come over to visit."

"I went to the contractor for the new shell road, and made him a proposition. He at once went over to Mulatto Bayou, accompanied by one of the most reliable surveyors in New Orleans, and when he returned a week afterwards, satisfied that my title was perfectly good, he paid me thirty thousand dollars for my forty acres."

"I packed up and returned home, told Uncle Gratton my good fortune, and asked him for Ellen, and it is a little curious, but he really thinks now that he would have given her to me, if I had been only a poor M. D., but I know better. I thought this place, and we were married before she had had a chance to soil the bloom of her heart with a single flirtation."

"You are a lucky man," was all I said when Wade ended his narrative, which, like every anecdote I ever heard from him, was only a simple statement of facts, without an unnecessary adjective."

POETS ARE PROPHETS.—Coleridge prophesied of the atmospheric railroad in the *Ancient Mariner*:

For why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?
The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind, &c.

Welter, rather earlier, prophesied most clearly of the present "Great Eastern," and her mishaps, in *The Devil's Law Case*:

Arise! Come, come, come,
You gave those ships most strange, most dreadful,
And unfortunate names, I never look'd they'd prosper.

Reminis. Is there any ill omen in giving names to ships?

Arise. Did you not call one *The Storm's* *Dekane*?

Another. *The Saviour of the Sea*, and the third *The Great Levathan*?

Reminis. Very right, sir.

Arise. Very devilish names.

All three of them, and surely I think
They were cursed in their very cradles, I do mean,
When they were upon their stocks.

* A WORD OF EXPLANATION.—If a young lady "throws herself away," understood, she has married for love. If she is "comfortably settled," understood that she has married a wealthy old man whom she hates.

* QUICK PERSONS.—A lady waited on a doctor to purchase some fashionable remedy that was to cure everything. "Lose no time, my dear madam, in using it," said the doctor, "for in less than a week it will be out of fashion."

* A BAD SERVANT.—A visitor called upon Fontenelle, the celebrated French wit, and finding him out of temper, inquired— "What all you, Fontenelle?" "What all me?" he replied, "I have a servant who serves me as badly as if I had twenty."

* ONE ADVANTAGE IN CONJUGACY.—One actor speaking of another, who was as retund as Falstaff and as heavy as Daniel Lambert, exclaimed— "He is headstrong as a mule!" and why? Because he knows that nobody could beat him thoroughly in one day!"

* Lord John Russell, by the number of Administrations which he has succeeded in overthrowing, has secured for himself a name in history. It is that of Jack the Cabinet-Killer.—*London Punch*.

NEWS ITEMS.

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WE know a man in Western New York who could not write when he was married, but who was instructed by his wife so thoroughly, that he was able to publish a weekly paper, and was elected high sheriff of his county, and within ten years served four years in Congress, and is now one of the most prominent financiers in the Empire State, president of a bank, and worth probably half a million of dollars.—*Litchfield Inquirer*.

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THE National Convention of Homoeopaths will meet in Boston the last of May. The convention will commence its business sessions at Mercantile Hall on the 1st of June, and continue there two days. There will be an address by Dr. McManus, of Philadelphia.

A SPOOKED AFFAIR occurred in Washington county, Minn., a few days ago. A Mr. Benton, a small, thin, and nervous man, was driving a horse-drawn wagon, with a very pretty wife, when the younger brother, Robert, became madly infatuated. A criminal intercourse between the two had been carried on for some time, but growing weary of the restraint imposed by the presence of the injured husband, the younger brother determined to do his worst. On Wednesday evening of last week the enraged husband and brother were murdered, and on the Sunday following Robert Benton, the double murderer, committed suicide by taking strychnine. The misguided wife of the murdered man, with two children, are left the sole memorial of this chapter of horror.

A QUARTERMASTER.—Miss, the Paris banker, recently gave a ball which cost twenty-five thousand dollars. He began life by selling old shoes.

CART STREETS BY ONE OPERATION.—A Mr. Brookman, of London, claims to have discovered a method of producing cast steel from any kind of iron by one operation. The claim of the patentee says the process consists in converting portions of iron or steel of any description in a crucible or furnace by means of alkaline or earthy materials in states of oxide of salts. For the conversion of an inferior quality of iron or steel into a superior article, he uses about 3 per cent. of alkaline material, and from 25 to 3 per cent. of carbon or carbonaceous matter, such as coke or coal.

REARER TAYLOR is about to abandon the character of a traveller. Having done the whole world, he has come to the conclusion that the best place to live in is Pennsylvania; consequently, he is about to erect an elegant residence on the Brandywine, in Chester county, near the boyhood of the inventor, and he proposes to retire and enjoy himself.—*Exchange Paper*.

THE FREE LOVERS at Berlin Heights, Ohio, publish a monthly paper called *The Good Time Coming*, the motto of which is, "For in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

A FULL bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts have delivered an opinion, nullifying the opinion of Judge Shaw, to the effect that the selling of liquor is a common nuisance, and that any one had a right to destroy it. The Court held that the only sort of nuisance which can be abated by preventive action, are those by which the individual abating them is personally and specially affected, and that a nuisance which is such, not to a particular individual, but to the public, can only be proceeded against by indictment.

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Wit and Humor.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PROMISE.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph tells the following anecdote of his old schoolmaster, "old Haskins":

"Boys," said he, smilingly, one day.

What's up, thought we, and were all attentive. It was like a sun-beam through a heavy storm-cloud, when "old Haskins" smiled, and the phenomenon was unaccountable.

"Boys," said he, "I am about to bargain with you for good behavior." (A change of tactics, verily!) "I desire that you will conduct yourselves with decorum for one week, and I will promise to show you a curiosity—what no man ever saw; and, having shown it you, what no man will ever see again."

"Yes, sir!" "Agreed!" "I'll, sir!" and various other expressions of acquiescence came from every quarter of the room; and, as a prelude to the new state of things, the school was dismissed at an early hour, leaving the boys to gaze into each other's eyes in astonishment, as if to divine in each other's intuition the answer to the riddle which had stolen upon them as a pleasant dream.

An anxious week followed—a week of curiosity, bewilderment, hope and pleasure in embryo. Out of school it was all the talk—"what no man ever saw, and what no man shall ever see again!"—not even the terrible author of the compromise. What could it be?

Another and another day, until at last the identical named one dawned upon the gladdened young hearts.

Nine o'clock came—every school was at its post—books and slates, all in readiness for the day's battle with the demons of darkness and ignorance—every task fully committed to memory. Altogether, a charming state of affairs! An active mind, not wedded too closely to orthodox ideas, would have divined at once the great advantage of rewards and kindness, over oppression and cruelty. But our old tutor was inviolable. Unmake him! Never. You could not alter his plans an iota.

"Tingle! tingle!" sounded the little bell—that bell had a voice as well as a tongue. Boys all attention! eyes, ears, mouths agape! momentous epoch!

Old Haskins raised the lid of his desk, and drew the wonderful thing forth—adjusted his omniscient looking spectacles astraddle his nasal projection, and proceeded to the solemn ceremony.

"Attention, school!" roared the tutor. A single order was all that was necessary—you might have heard a pin drop.

"The hour has at length arrived; behold in my upraised fingers a single almond." (Terrible suspense!) "In this almond is a kernel"—(ceremoniously breaks the shell and exposes the tiny thing.) "This, no man ever saw!" Then opening his capacious jaws, exposing an internal array of decaying ivory and raw flesh, that reminded us of the mouth of a Bengal tiger—he thrust in the mysterious kernel—crushed and swallowed it!

"Boys," exclaimed he, with great emphasis, "boys, you will never—I will never—no man will ever see that kernel again! To your lessons, you rascals, every day of you!"

A SHOWMAN SOLD.

Showmen, as a general rule, are tolerably sharp, and it is no easy matter to overreach them, but when they are fooled, it is a matter of great amusement to those present. I was a witness to one of the best sales of the kind that I ever heard of. Last summer there was an exhibition in a tent, on one of our public lots—a sort of menagerie on a small scale. Before the entrance to the tent, the proprietor was boasting of the innumerable wonders to be seen for a shilling, to a considerable crowd. While in the midst of a speech, overfowing with large words, he was somewhat summarily interrupted by the following exclamation from a man near him, who had a boy with him—

"I'll bet you a 'five' that you cannot let me see that lion."

"Done," said the showman, eagerly, "put up your money."

The man placed a five dollar bill in the hand of a by-stander, and the showman, counting out the change did the same.

"Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll convince you."

The man and his little boy followed him into the tent, the whole crowd following.

"There!" said the showman, triumphantly. "Look in that corner at that beautiful Numidian lion."

"Where?" asked the man, looking in every direction but the right one.

"Why, there!" was the astonished reply.

"I don't see any," responded the other.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the showman, who began to smell a very large mistake.

"I'm blind," was the grinning reply.

The showman was very industriously employed in turning out the crowd for the next few minutes, while the blind man pocketed the stakes and went his way.—N. Y. Tribune.

MR. DUBOIS. — David I. Holt went with Col. Penn's Georgia Cavalry to Texas in 1835, and was one of the prisoners who escaped the massacre of the Alamo in the spring of 1836, during the Texas Revolution. In telling some of his old friends in Georgia, afterwards, about his escape, one of them asked him if he ran (so the story goes). Holt was a brave man, and did not like to acknowledge that he ran, even though he was retreating from an impending death, without the shadow of a chance to defend himself; and he replied—

"Well, boys, I did not exactly run; but I did some blooded tall walking!"

"Tall walking" was the substitute for the word "run," about Macon and Milledgeville, for many years afterwards.—Montgomery Mail.

HOW TO LIVE.—He who cannot live well to-day, will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.—Moral.

THE PEDDLER'S BARGAIN.

One day a peddler, with an assortment of knick-knacks, arrived at a village, and called at one of the houses to sell his wares. After disposing of a few articles to the lady of the house, who seemed to live in the midst of children, she declared her inability to buy more for the want of money.

"But, mamma, ain't you got any rags?"

"None to sell, sir."

"Well," said he, "you seem to have plenty of children. Will you sell me one for the tin ware?"

"What will you give, sir?"

"Ten dollars for one of them."

"In good tin ware?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, the best."

"Well, sir, it is a bargain."

She then handed one of the children to the peddler, who, surprised that the offer was accepted, yet confident that the mother would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart, and supplied the woman with tin until the sum of ten dollars was made up.

The man, feeling certain that the woman would rather raise the money than part with the child, seated himself beside the boy, who was pleased with the idea of having a ride. The peddler kept his eyes on the house, expecting to see the woman hasten to redeem the little one, and rode off at a slow pace. After proceeding some distance, he began to repent of his bargain, and turned back.

The woman had just finished ornamenting her dresser with tin, when the peddler returned.

"Well, I think the boy is too small. I guess you had better take him back again, and let me have the ware."

"No, sir, the bargain was fair, and you shall stick to it. You may start off as soon as you please."

Surprised at this, the peddler exclaimed,

"Why, mamma, how can you think of parting with your boy so young, to an utter stranger?"

"Oh, sir, we would like to sell all our town paupers for ten dollars a head."

The boy was dropped at the door, the tin rattled, the peddler measured the ground rapidly, and he never forgot his pauper speculation.

A RUSSIAN WOLF HUNT.

The following story is told in one of Alexander Dumas' late letters from St. Petersburg:

Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious. Three or four hunters, each armed with a double-barrelled gun, get into a troika, which is a sort of a carriage, drawn by three horses—its name being derived from its team, and not from its form. The middle horse trots always; the left hand and right hand horses must always gallop. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, and he is called the Snow-Kater. The two others have only one rein, and they are fastened to the poles by the middle of the body, and gallop with their heads free—they are called the Furions. The troika is driven by a sure coachman. If there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope, or a chain (for greater security) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the hunters reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals, and his squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase; then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves—all posting as hard as they can go after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals of agony arouse all the wolves in the forest, within a circuit of three miles, and the troika is followed by an immense flock of wolves. It is now a good driver is indispensable. The horses have an instinctive horror of wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go.

The hunters fire as fast as they can load—there is no necessity to take any aim. The pig squeals—the horses neigh—the wolves howl—the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But, if he ceases to be master of them; if they balk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or the day after, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger bones of the horses, hunters and driver.

Last winter, Prince Repnine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppes, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move at ease, three vicious horses were put into it, and they selected for a driver a man born in the country and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Every hunterman had a pair of double-barrelled guns and a hundred and fifty ball cartridges. It was night when they reached the steppe, that is, an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams refracted by the snow gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight.

The pig was put out of the sleigh, and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt that he was dragged, he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared, but they were timid, and kept a long way off. Their numbers gradually increased, and as their numbers augmented they became bolder. There were about twenty wolves when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howls answered howls, an every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley; but the flock of wolves in-



DOUBTFUL, VERY!

STORY TELLER.—"Dear! dear! So he has formed an attachment that you don't approve of! Ah! well, there's always something. Depend upon it, ma'am, there's a skeleton somewhere in every house!"

[Very doubtful, we think, if all the family take after the mother.]

ceased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock, but a vast herd of wolves in thick serrated columns, which gave chase to the sleigh.

The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly, not a sound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase, and increase; they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on.

The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. Their number increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where could three thousand wolves come from in such a desert of snow. The party had taken the pig into the sleigh; his squeal increased the wolves' boldness. The party continued to fire, but they had now used above half their ammunition, and had but two hundred cartridges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The two horns of the crescent became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelope the party.

If one of the horses should have given out, the fate of the whole party was sealed. "What do you think of this, Ivan?" said Prince Repnine, speaking to the driver. "I had rather be at home, Prince."

"Are you afraid of any evil consequences?" "The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more wolves you'll have."

"What do you think is the best thing to be done?" "Make the horses go faster."

"Are you sure of the horses?" "Yes, Prince."

"Are you sure of our safety?" "The driver made no reply. He quickened the horses, and turned their heads towards home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver excited them to increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe a curve which intersected one of the horns of the crescent. The wolves opened their ranks and let the horses pass.

The Prince raised his gun to his shoulder. "For God's sake! don't fire!" exclaimed the driver; "we are dead men, if you do!" He obeyed Ivan. The wolves astonished by this unexpected act, remained motionless for a minute. During this minute the troika was a vast from them. When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it. A quarter of an hour afterward they were in sight of home. Prince Repnine thinks his horses ran at least six miles in these fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppes the next day, and found the bones of two hundred wolves.

Agricultural.

THE CORN GRUB.—The corn crop has several formidable enemies to contend with, and among them is the grub, which sometimes literally destroys whole fields, and frequently damages the crop seriously. One of the best and most judicious remedies—perhaps the very best ever suggested—is the application of salt as soon as the plant makes its appearance above ground, prepared and used in this way: Take one part common salt and three parts plaster or gypsum, and apply about a tablespoonful around each hill, and it will be found to be a sure protection. The mixture should not come in contact with the young plants, as it may destroy them. This method has been tried over and over again by some of the best farmers of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Jersey, and when properly applied, has never failed to be perfectly successful. We hope our farmers, who have reason to fear the depredations of the grub, this season, will try this mixture, leaving a few alternate rows of corn without the salt, and communicate to us the result.—Germantown Telegraph.

ASHES FOR POTATOES.—Rufus Brown, of Chelsea, Orange County, Vermont, says that in an experiment tried by him, the gain in a crop of potatoes by the use of ashes at the rate of a teaspoonful to the hill, was about a bushel and a half of potatoes for each bushel of ashes used. The kind of potatoes was the English pink eye, and yield 200 bushels per acre. The ground was planted May 7, with the ashes in holes, and a little dirt over them. It was ploughed and hoed June 18, the rows being 4 feet apart and hills three feet. The ashes cost 12½ cts. a bushel, and potatoes sold at 35 cents, returning full 50 cents a bushel for the ashes employed.

HOW TO HILL CORN.—Place a strong bag, with three parts of wood ashes in it, in a boiler with three parts of corn in water. Boil until the hulls will slip off by rubbing them with the hand. When rinsed, hill the corn again in fair water till it is sufficiently soft.—N. E. Farmer.

TARRING CORN FOR SEED.

The results of experiments, both successful and otherwise, are attended with profit, when spread before the public. The man who is successful, publishes it abroad, but failure seldom comes to light. The county society does not publish the fact of a heavy debt occasioned by their race course, no more than they do the granting of premiums to unworthy applicants. When we read in their transactions the award of a premium for one hundred and twenty-one bushels of corn to the acre, eighty bushels is no doubt nearer the truth.

It pains me to see such havoc made by insects and birds on the corn crop. I have seen many a field of corn where the cut worm has destroyed from 25 to 50 per cent, which might have been prevented by an outlay of 25 cents. The only sure remedy against the cut worm is to secure the services of the crow in the fields.

Forty-three years actual experience has demonstrated to me the entire safety of such birds being permitted to range the fields at will.

Tar applied to seed corn before it is planted, certainly will prevent the crows destroying it. For more than forty years I have not been able to detect a single failure, wherever it was done correctly. Not one person in ten would probably be successful in their first endeavor in tarring corn; to be known, the operation must be seen. One man dare not use boiling water, so he fails; another destroys the vitality of the kernel by too great a degree of heat long continued. I have known parts of fields destroyed by poisonous manures, when this single fact was overlooked, and tar, or the birds, was erroneously supposed to be the cause.

Could some president of an agricultural society, or some pattern farmer, be induced to try the experiment of tarring seed corn, I doubt not that in less than ten years, scarecrows would be among the missing. Some farming editors recommend the planting of 8 or 10 kernels to the hill, as a safeguard against worms and insects. The expense to this end is great, and a field thus dealt with never stands equally in all the hills. By tarring your corn, you need plant no more kernels than you wish to grow. When we destroy the crows, we lose one of our best friends; when will the farming community pause and consider on this matter? Let us have your opinions, based as far as may be, on facts; especially let us have failures, so as to bring together both sides of the question. R. MANFIELD.

REMARKS.—Friend Mansfield has not given us the mode of tarring, which might be adopted if persons understood the precise mode of preparation. Our neighbors practise in this way: they fill a pall half full of boiling water, and add about a pint of common tar—coal tar is just as good—stir it until the tar is melted and thoroughly mingled with the water, then add the corn, stirring it well for about ten minutes, or until it is completely covered with the tar. Take the corn out and roll it in plaster or fine ashes, and the process is complete.—N. E. Farmer.

PICKLING HOME-GROWN TIMBER.—If your correspondent, who wishes to know the best and cheapest method of pickling home-grown timber (to preserve it from the ravages of what is termed the fly), will cut his timber up to the proper scantling, and then soak it in a pool of water (which he must make for the purpose, if he has not got one handy), to which is added a quantity of fresh quicklime, he will find it to be the most effectual method he can adopt. I say this from many years' experience. Even Scotch fir, thus prepared, will make a lasting roof, as the fly or dry rot will never touch timber thus prepared, the texture becoming almost mineralized, and most difficult afterwards to be worked on with any edge tool, therefore should be cut to sizes before being pickled. I believe that fir timber contains a certain portion of albumen and saccharine matter, on which the grub of the beetle, so destructive to timber, feeds, and which is destroyed by the chemical action of the lime. It should remain in the water and lime for thirty-six hours, the water being frequently stirred up, as the lime otherwise sinks to the bottom.—London Field.

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BROWN UNDER FRUIT TREES.—While on a visit at Cape Cod, a year or two since, my attention was called to an orchard of apple trees. The owner was a retired sea captain, who, in early life, planted the trees, that he might eat of the fruit when on the "retired list." At the time of planting out the trees, he secured the services of an old Scotch gardener. The trees were holed in, the location for planting staked out and then came the instructions of the owner, as he was obliged to absent himself for awhile.

"If it takes you two days to plant each tree, I wish it well done." The gardener went to work, digging large holes, sufficient to dump in loads of stones from a tip-cart, and on the return of the proprietor he had only set out four trees. Though he had done his work well, as the sequel will show, the captain thought he had played "soldier," and discharged him. The balance were set out as trees sometimes are (where the blame is laid to the nursery-men), and now, after forty years, those four trees give more fruit than all the remainder.—Rural New Yorker.

PEAS WITH POTATOES.—When planting your potatoes, drop from six to eight peas in each hill, or if in a row, every three or four inches a single pea. In this way a crop may be raised at very small expense. As the peas start early in the season, they will be sufficiently advanced to be out of the way by the time the potatoes are large enough to hoe. Peas raised in this way will generally be less liable to suffer from the attack of the "bug" or fly; the crop will also be much purer or free from extraneous matters, which are an injury to the peas, whether designed for market or for domestic use. The large marrowfat pea is perhaps the very best variety that can be selected for this mode of cultivation. It yields well, is highly edible, and commands a remunerative price in the market. When broadcasted it is thought not to be so productive as many of the smaller varieties. Where the soil is affluent, it exhibits an inorganic tendency to produce an exorbitant quantity of haulm, with few pods and few perfectly developed peas. Planted with potatoes, these habits are reversed.—JOHN HAMIL, in Germantown Telegraph.

GRUB IN SHEEP.—I send you this recipe, which will be found to effect a perfect cure for grubs in the head of sheep:—

Take one quart of whiskey and two ounces of yellow snuff, mix and warm to blood heat. Let one man hold the sheep and another take a small syringe and discharge about a teaspoonful of the mixture into each nostril. It is a certain cure. My father met with quite a loss in his flock, he tried this remedy, found it satisfactory, and never lost another sheep.—Michigan Farmer.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A POULTICE FOR FELLOWS, &c.—Take Castile soap, and scrape a large or small quantity, according to the amount wanted, and simmer in new milk till it forms a paste as thick as cream, cool and apply. You will find this one of the best poultices for fellows, or any kind of swelling that needs poulticing, and far superior to bread and milk. Try it, ye afflicted.—Rural New Yorker.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM CRIMSON DAMASK WITHOUT CHANGING THE COLOR.—Upon a deal table lay a piece of wollen cloth or bairn, upon which lay smoothly the part stained, with the right side downwards. Having spread a piece of brown paper on the top, apply a flat-iron just hot enough to scorch the paper.—About six or eight seconds is usually sufficient for the purpose; after which, rub the stained part with a piece of cap paper very briskly, and the marks will be found to have gone away.—London Field.

UMBRELLAS.—If your umbrella is wet, do not unfurl it for the purpose of drying it more rapidly. If you do, the whalebone acquires a peculiar set, which it is almost impossible to obviate; they become permanently bent, in consequence of the shrinking of the cloth while drying, and give the umbrella when furled a bulging and unseemly appearance.

WHITENESS FOR OUTCLOTHS.—For unplanned surfaces, common lime whitewash, applied early in the summer when the wood is dry and the pores open, answers a good purpose, and materially operates in preventing decay.—But whitewash may be rendered more permanent, needing less frequent applications, if sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) and common salt are added. The following particular directions for making the wash, and for coloring it to any desirable shade, are given in Downing's "Country House."

Take a clean barrel that will hold water. Put into it half a barrel of quicklime, and slack it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover it four or five inches deep, and stirring it until slacked. When quite slacked, dissolve it in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt, which may be had at any of the druggists', and which in a few days will cause the whitewash to harden on the wood work. Add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick whitewash.

To make the above wash of a pleasant cream color, add three pounds of yellow ochre.

For fawn color, add four pounds of umber, one pound of Indian red, and one pound of lampblack.

For gray or stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack.

The color may be put on with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much more durable than common whitewash.

ALEXANDER the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "I am, searching," said Diogenes, "for the bones of your father—but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

A fellow was arrested for stealing ducks, and after a description of them, the counsel of the prisoner said, "Why, they can't be such a rare breed, for I've some like them in my own yard." "Very likely," said the complainant, "I've lost a good many ducks lately."

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 15, 7, 9, 4, 8, 38, 28, 26, 45, 13, 12, 1, was distinguished for a battle fought there in the 8th century.

My 31, 10, 41, 39, 22, 33, 44, were enemies to the Saxons.

My 39, 36, 52, 55, 4, 22, 9, 39, 24, 27, 58, was a noted English battle-field.

My 21, 39, 33, 39, 42, 17, was a noted castle of England.

My 11, 46, 41, 5, 39, was a public place in Rome.

My 68, 17, 3, 45, 48, 5, 44, 16, 23, 15, 51, 37, was an event of the reign of Charles II., King of England, which implicated several nobles.

My 26, 19, 9, 53, 44, 38, 31, 43, 23, 25, 5, 7, 48, 18, 34, 55, was the scene of the execution of an English conspirator and nobleman.

My 22, 2, 49, 48, 41, 14, was the scene of the execution of two celebrated English bishops, and also the seat of a University.

My 52, 54, 44, 26, 4, 32, 39, 57, 28, 47, 36, 24, 39, 32, was a noted Mexican battle-field.

My 50, 38, 56, 4, 45, 4, 12, 26, 49, 6, was a superstition of the seventeenth century.

My 55, 32, 35, 36, 39, 32, 9, 4, 32, was a noted Spanish battle-field.

My whole was an event of the reign of Mary, Queen of England.

CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 27, 9, 8, 12, 27, is a river in England.

My 1, 11, 14, 18, 7, 22, is a capital in Europe.

My 4, 21, 16, 18, 25, 27, 3, 19, is a river in Nebraska.

My 13, 6, 16, 8, 24, 29, 23, 1, 11, a volcanic mountain in Australia.

My 28, 13, 15, 30, 17, is a county in Georgia.

My 1, 17, 2, 3, 5, is a town in German Austria.

My 23, 18, 26, 24, 21, is a capital in Arabia.

My 25, 23, 8, 26, 8, 24, 5, a group of islands in Polynesia.

My 1, 16, 18, 13, 3, 21, 26, 27, 28, a county in Minnesota.

My whole was a celebrated General in the war of 1812.

J. H. BRENDY.

Salem, Wis.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Say, can you tell my name,

And where I may be found?

Tell, oh tell what my nature is,

Useful I do abound.

Received by all from week to week,

Down to the Gulf of Mexico;

Across the western prairies, too,

Year by year I still do go.

Ever lively, pleasant and fair,

Very welcome to every home;

Ever received by old and young,

Nothing immoral with me does come.

In the city or country green,

No place is there where I'm not seen;

Good, not bad, from me you gain.</